

RED HAGAN By Churchill Williams
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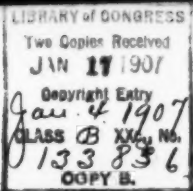




DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

Hagan bent his arms across his face and searched the pit with his eyes.

Red Hagan;" see page 508



THE RED BOOK

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Substitutes

BY CATHERINE CARR

Author of "The Crucible," etc.

Judith Parker early displayed evidences of ambition. At the age of seven she set forth to find the pot of gold at the rainbow's end; when fortuitously rescued by a neighbor from the swamp into which she was bravely plunging, her tears were not so much for the loss of possible sweets and frocks, as for a high estate she had pictured for herself with Vinie Pope kneeling at her feet—Vinie Pope being a pampered daughter of aristocracy whom Judith suspected of "turning up her nose" at her own humble station.

At twenty Judith pursued a mirage as elusive as the rainbow gold. This was social recognition in the Georgia town where she had been born, the daughter of a carpenter and his thrifty wife, a former housemaid.

And certainly she seemed fitted to take a place in Bowenville's highest circle. She had been a distinguished figure at the state university, and she possessed much charm of manner as well as beauty of a striking type. Conscious of these gifts and their value, Judith cast them hopefully against the weight of her lowly birth, but they availed her little.

The caste of the Brahmin is scarcely more rigid than that of the aristocracy of the Old South. Its members are gracious, kindly, free with the patron's hand, but of swift repulse against the social climber. You are or you are not, and you are not to question or combat.

Judith's father had so prospered that he was now a contractor, alderman, and deacon in the Baptist church; and he had

built a comfortable home and educated his daughter. He rested content with his achievements.

Judith herself taught in the public school with notable success. Also she sang in the choir of her church and was a leader in its affairs, yet the measure of these things was trivial in her sight and, certainly, brought her no nearer to the sum of her desires. In view of their bent, it was but natural that she should refuse to consider the attentions of any admirer of her own social standing.

"If I can't do better than that, I shall not marry at all," she would say scornfully—so scornfully that her father was moved to word of caution more than once—when some young mechanic or small tradesman made tentative advance.

He was very fond and very proud of his pretty daughter, and thought himself that she was fit for "the top-notch;" but he was, as he often said, sensible, and he did n't see the use of worrying if you could n't get there. Also he believed in the holy state of matrimony.

"I want yo' to please yo'self, Ju," he was prone to say, "but I don't want yo' to make a mistake. Lots of girls with so many chances take a crooked stick at last."

"Don't worry about my doing that, father," was Judith's favorite reply, smiling confidence at her reflection if a mirror chanced to be at hand. "You'll see"

When he came home late one night to supper and found Fairfax Morton seated

on the gallery with Judith, he had a vision of consummation, and stared a moment in surprise and satisfaction.

Fairfax Morton represented the very pinnacle of Bowenville society: son of Judge Morton, retired jurist, banker, man of affairs, and high birth. The young man had met Judith at the high school annual reception, a semi-public function where all classes foregathered, and where she had responded to a toast with much sparkle of wit. Admiration of her charms had led him to defy tradition and show her open attention.

John Parker, honest workman, accomplished his introduction to the gentleman creditably, though the hampering consciousness of his dinner-pail was apparent, and with a brief comment on the weather he passed into the house to share his emotions with his wife. Despite his contented attitude he was not entirely untouched by the glamor of high places.

"Well, what do yo' think of that," he said in cautious undertones: "Fairfax Morton on our gallery, a-talkin' to our girl. Fairfax Morton!"

His good wife beamed reflex of gratification though she refused it confession. She tossed her head with assertive independence.

"There's no reason why he should n't, as I can see. She's as good as he is, every bit an' grain, and as smart. I don't care what they say."

In the matter of speech there was much of it: largely that of envy and malice, something of history and of unpleasant prophecy. Most of the mothers of unmarried daughters of Judith's own circle were agreed that they would not care to have "their girls going with Fairfax Morton!" They hoped Judith would n't live to regret it.

It was well, no doubt, that Judith's salvation did not depend upon this hope.

She herself gave small heed to their words, smiling a careless triumph when they reached her ears. She could well afford tolerance while the joys of living were so largely hers.

She never doubted but that her pulses were quickened by love for him. He embodied the full measure of her ambitions, and he was handsome and of many at-

tractions besides. Nor did she question his love for her. He had not, as yet, spoken definitely, but his looks, the accent of even his trivial words were strong with love's suggestion, and Judith was caught in the world-old maiden conflict of fears and desires.

The day she stitched, singing softly, on a rose-sprigged dimity, the nearness of the ultimate moment was insistent, and for the first time she fell to planning: Of how they would live in the stately old house on the hill, and of how she would entertain. Receptions and parties and luncheons to the Woman's Club—Mrs. Fairfax Morton would of course be invited to join that exclusive organization. Her cheeks flamed as she visioned her visiting cards and the future stretched a pathway flowered with delights.

When Judith put on the new dimity to preside over a table at the Baptist social that night, its skirt's froth of ruffles on the floor made an illusion of sweeping white satin; the white rose behind her ear, the forecast of a bridal wreath. And a happy confusion beat down her eyelids before her mirrored gaze.

It happened to be upon this day that Judge Morton was minded to speak to his son of Judith. He gave his warning with the check for Fairfax's allowance; a moment aptly termed psychological.

"I never interfere with your amusements, as you know," he said, "but when it comes to seriousness, remember that my grandchildren must not be John Parker's. Lavinia Pope is back and we are to take dinner there this evening."

The old man's tone and manner was of finality, and Fairfax, knowing his father's habit of rare but inexorable tightening of the rein, was sullenly acquiescent.

Miss Lavinia Pope was just returned from a fashionable finishing school. She had modish gowns and a new assortment of graces; and she had, also, his father's obvious approval. And his father controlled the check book. It was a combination of forces impossible to combat. When she willed to favor the Baptist social with her presence he gave her his arm and proper attention.

But he could not look at Judith. He had

never committed himself, of course—so he remembered with mixed emotions—still she might have expected—girls of that class could n't take a flirtation as it was meant—and then, vividly, enchantingly was she beautiful. Miss Pope was very gracious and had much to tell of how things were done in New York, but it was not a pleasant evening for her escort.

For Judith it was a season of torture that strained even her strong young pride and courage to meet. It was like being borne up to a high place and then cast down—suddenly, ruthlessly. Knowing the friendship of the families, she had for a moment considered his position an irksome obligation, but his averted eyes, his formal greeting, left her no illusion. Her rosy hope was a dead thing, but it was a death over which there could be no public grief. Desperately she turned and talked constantly to George Thompson, whom the press of the throng had thrust back behind the table. His response, while courteous, had nothing of enthusiasm, for George himself was sustaining a devouring heartache.

Socially, George occupied a place between "the desert and the sown." His mother, who was of good but impoverished family, had made a *mésalliance* who had accommodately died. She lived rather obscurely next door to the Parker's, and sometimes George was invited and sometimes not. Personally, he was of good, even temper, of sufficiently good looks, and a capable bookkeeper. He had been the adoring captive of a butterfly who was all golden curls and dimples and sweet allurements, and her smiles had been his with flattering exclusion until the night before.

Calling then, he had found his place on the vine-shaded gallery usurped by a young man whose recent coming had fluttered Bowenville not a little. It was rumored that he wrote verses. He was tall and he wore his hair long, and his ease of manner impressed George as marvelous. He failed to appreciate the least embarrassment of the situation and continued to address his low-toned conversation to Elisé whose responsiveness was both obvious and maddening to George. When he had endured, as long as he could, the third place to which he had been relegated, he



DRAWN BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Come and go, too."

essayed a dignified departure, which he was keenly conscious appeared only sulky. Grasping at a final straw, he had spoken to Elisé at parting of "the social tomorrow night" but she had murmured something about another engagement, and definitely shut him out of Paradise.

His presence at the festive gathering was prompted by that singular instinct of self-torture which leads us to inflict the wounds of vision rather than endure those of imagination.

George's wounds were as conclusive with hope as Judith's own. The poet was very open in his devotion to the butterfly and Elisé was quite as frank in its acceptance. George remained in the corner and gave his abstracted attention to Judith, because in his wretched state of mind one place seemed as well as another, and after

the social was over he walked home with her, because they were going the same way and she had some plates to carry.

That social went on record among the Baptist contingent as a financial success, and among all circles as "when Fairfax Morton quit going with Judith Parker."

Bowenville was very provincial and epochs were dated in such manner.

Something of the edge was removed from the feminine triumph thus occasioned by the almost immediate rumor that she was "going with" George Thompson, though it was popularly termed "quite a come down" after she flew so high with Fairfax Morton."

Through what processes this condition of affairs had been effected George could not have told. In some indefinable way he seemed to see a great deal of his pretty neighbor, and occasions were arising for his escort that he could not well escape. Judith herself was, perhaps, more conscious. The part of the deserted maiden must be played with *finesse* if she would refute "the voice of the people." True she grew a little pale and her amiability was not unfailing, at home, yet to the searching eyes of the public she was as content with the companionship of George as with her former aristocratic admirer. But never again did Judith wear the rose-sprigged dimity.

She seldom saw Fairfax Morton. It was easy for him to avoid the crossing of their ways, since only his will had caused it before, but the report of his engagement to Miss Pope came to Judith's ears many times before the summer was over.

The poet and Elisé were seen constantly together, too, and George Thompson decided to go to Oklahoma. He told Judith about it as they walked out home one evening.

"It's a good offer and a fine opening," he said. "There's a chance in a new country like that for a man to get to the top."

Judith felt a strange sinking. George had unconsciously but potently sustained her defiance of gossip, and his departure would leave her to face the petty and malicious triumph of other women unaided.

"Yes, indeed," she assented, "I'm

afraid I envy you. That's the advantage of being a man. They can go places and do things."

She sighed a little. It was really in self-pity but George could not know that. It easily had for him the appearance of regret for their parting. He turned and looked thoughtfully at her. They had strolled on through McClure's pasture to the gate that led into the clump of woods beyond. Judith stood with her elbow on the post, her chin in her hand and her eyes, too, were thoughtful. George was conscious that she was very pretty. Not the type he admired, of course—his heart still perversely enshrined the delicately ethereal—but she was bright and sensible, and it would be very lonely out there among strangers. It was a line of thought that led him to reach out and take her idle hand hanging loosely at her side.

"Come and go, too," he said. "Don't you think we'd get along well together, Judith?"

After a quick glance into his face Judith looked away. She had come to have a just sense of such values, and she was struck to self-reproach for considering marriage for any reason save love. It seemed so petty, so sordid, yet it offered a tempting haven. George was evidently fond of her and would be good and kind; and then it would prove how little she had cared for Fairfax Morton. The feminine pulse beats promptly for reprisal.

"I—I daresay we could," she said at last.

They gave and took their betrothal kiss in a spirit of resignation to a perverse fate and of conscientious resolution that the other should never feel the lack of what they could not give.

Their engagement was heartily approved by both families and preparations went forward at once that they might be married before George left; they themselves were the least fluttered by them.

They were often spoken of as a sensible couple, not given to demonstration, and each was content that the other should be so. Each, too, dutifully destroyed the tokens of their first love the night before their marriage. Judith sought solace, as she watched the flames consume several notes and many dead flowers, in scraps of

verse: "Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed—" and others of like vein. She was only one of a long, long line, she thought; still, the consciousness of companions did little to relieve her misery.

George did not quote poetry nor attempt any self-consolation. He had loved and lost and the facts remained, but he regarded the holocaust of a long glove and several photographs with a stern look of finality. And it was with a sense of hearts properly swept if not garnished, that they went to the altar.

Oklahoma had been opened to public settlement that spring, and affairs, both business and social, were still chaotic, when Judith and George arrived in the autumn. No sense of caste prevailed. You were not judged by what your ancestors had done but by what you yourself were doing. It was essentially the time and place for achievement—the testing of metal; the conditions were the best possible also for the peculiar attitude these newly-wedded held toward each other.

Their home life could not have been satisfying to either, but it offered acceptable relaxation to George when he was tired from the exactions of business; and the diversions of club and social life, of which she was soon a distinguished figure, left Judith small leisure to realize how much it failed in fulfilment of her one-time ideal.

It was a well filled life that they led, and if, indeed, it held little of heart rapture, it knew nothing of petty irritation and fret. Consciousness of the slight measure of love rendered made them both more resolute on patience and forbearance than if the tenderness that so quickly heals such

hurts existed. They were popularly deemed a model couple.

George prospered materially, becoming a director in the bank that had first employed him and the dominant spirit in many enterprises; and Judith, equally successful in whatever drew her interest, passed from the estate of president of her home club to that of the head of the Territory's Federation. Also their fair-haired daughter and the boy who had her eyes, were being carefully reared.

And so years to the number of fifteen passed: almost imperceptibly to Judith, her many interests and her perfect health relieving them of weight. It came to her with a little shock one spring day, when walking with her young daughter, that her head was but little below the level of her own. She looked at her sharply. A boy school-mate had just passed and Alicia had flushed as she returned his greeting. She was walking on now rapidly, swinging her skirts rather unnecessarily and with an expression of elaborate unconsciousness.

The revelation that her daughter was rapidly growing up presented itself curiously to Judith.

It was over then—her own youth with its blossomy dreams which had never fruited. She had not quite realized it before, and she felt oppressed and saddened. She allowed Alicia to dictate the length of her frock at the dressmaker's without demur, and when they returned home she went at once to her room and consulted the looking-glass with severely critical eyes. It was quite true. There were several gray threads in her smooth dark pompadour and her waist was no longer pliant. Her color was still fresh, to be sure, but anyway it did n't



DRAWN BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Judith.

matter. The time was past when it had. It was a little hard to reach the time when you must take life's zests through others without ever having known the full flavor yourself, but she had come to it and was very conscious of it.

She was rather silent at supper, eating little and looking around the table with her sudden sense of realization: from the tall girl and the robust boy to George, whose hair was thinning and who was rather careless about his clothes. The mental view of those silvery hairs and her encroaching flesh completed the picture of commonplace middle-age.

Oh, decidedly was youth gone. "The gold of youth!" She remembered the phrase, detached, but potent.—"The gold of youth" spent entirely, and the best she had purchased was a placid calm, which was to the true joys of life "as water unto wine."

She wanted to cry, but tears always demanded explanation, and explanation under the circumstances would have been most difficult. She sighed involuntarily and George looked up quickly. Judith was not given to sighing.

"Hello," he said, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. I was only thinking of how long we've been—how long we've been here," she finished a little lamely.

"And you've never been back. Honestly, Ju, I've been so busy that I've never thought of your getting homesick to see the old town. But there's no reason why you should n't take the kids and go this summer. Get some fine feathers and do us proud like you did at Chicago."

Judith caught her breath a little quickly.

"I—I believe I should like to go."

"Sure you would," he affirmed heartily.

So it was settled. Judith, plunged into a tumult of preparation, was now and then aware of a vague wonder if Fairfax Morton would think her much changed. It was of, of course, nothing of importance what Lavinia Pope's husband thought of her, still she did n't want him to think that she had grieved for him. She took vigorous exercises with regard to her waist line, and concentrated her energies on the evolution of gowns which should do credit to her taste and George's success.

Bowenville paid tribute to her distinc-

tions with gratifying unanimity. The commercial spirit had entered into the younger generation and made them more tolerant, and John Parker, retired on a comfortable competence, was no longer a familiar figure in overalls. Also, Judith's picture had appeared in a magazine as a clever club woman, and her diamond sunburst was of quite respectable size. She was much fêted, her children were admired, and the paper she read before the Literary Circle was largely applauded. But Judith still felt the inexplicable unrest.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax Morton were absent during the first of her stay. She heard much of them, however. Of the lady's ill health and of her jealousies, which it was hinted, were only too well founded. And the Mortons no longer flourished financially; Fairfax had proven no business man. Judith always listened without comment, but curiously mixed with her triumph was an entirely ungrounded sympathy for Fairfax. Little was to be expected of a man who was married to such a shallow creature as Lavinia Pope. And it had all been the old judge's fault, anyway. She hoped that he had been satisfied.

The night she knew she would meet them she was exacting with her gown and spent much time on her hair; and when she entered the Cary's crowded parlors her nerves were quivering with a vague but acute excitement that it would have been impossible for her to explain.

Without betrayal of interest Judith perceived the fretful expression of Mrs. Morton's face and the angles beneath her chiffons. Even a contentious waist-line was better than that. Judith smiled with additional graciousness, and then her eyes sought out Fairfax, to receive something of a shock. Like George he had put on flesh and made concession to his forehead, but the effect was different, somehow. His eyes lay between puffs and the classic outline of his face had sagged. The memory of his youthful attractions was alien.

Mr. Morton expressed his pleasure at again seeing Mrs. Thompson in no measured terms. "Though it seems absurd not to call you 'Judith,'" he said. "You

simply defy time. It is impossible that all these years have passed—for you."

"You won't think so when you see that great girl of mine," Judith laughed. Now that she had come to it, this long anticipated hour was proving disappointing, though she had never been definite with her expectations. At least, however, it was to have been sadly sweet with the unspoken suggestion of "what might have been." Distinctly unspoken, Judith was loyal to her vows to the core, yet here she found that she was willing that their talk should be formal and of the present.

But Fairfax was persistent with memories and personalities.

"It certainly is good to meet someone who appears to be happy," he said. "I had given up thinking that such a thing as happiness existed until seeing you. Of course appearances aren't deceitful in your case—"

This was later in the evening and they sat a little apart from the crowd in a palm screened alcove of his choosing, and his tone was intimate, testing.

Judith's sense of truth struggled with her recent discontent at her supper-table, but she answered bravely.

"Of course not. I am as happy as it is permitted common mortals to be. And there's no reason why I should n't be. George is the most indulgent of husbands."

"And successful," he added.

"That's what counts now-a-days, even with women. Or, perhaps, I should say, particularly with them. In spite of all their talk of high ideals they are very practical. There is you, for example. You had such poetic ideals in those days, that I remember being rather surprised by your marriage. George seemed a little—well, over-devoted to business to appeal to you, and yet—you are 'living happily ever after.'"

"Oh, all girls are more or less given to foolish notions at some time in their lives," Judith answered lightly. "There should be a special petition for them in the Litany: 'From the ideals and affinities of eighteen,

Good Lord deliver us.' Besides," more gravely, "the practical does not necessarily shut out the ideal. It may prune it, and most things are better for that, you know."

"Perhaps, but I believe I prefer the free growth; and those ideals of yours don't seem foolish to me, even now, when I have n't an illusion of my own left. They seem very beautiful—and I treasure their



DRAWN BY W. H. D. KOERNER

He had taken up a ribbon of her gown.

memory; but then I'm not a successful man."

Fairfax sighed and reflectively stroked the crease of his trouser leg, and Judith wondered about some things. And not the least of her wonder was of her own words and their prompting.

"Sometimes," he went on, "I think I might have accomplished something if there had been anyone to help—make it worth while; as it is—what was the use—"

He spread out his hands with a fine air of extenuation, but Judith remained

silent. There were many things that might be said, but here again, "What was the use?" She stirred restively and glanced over her shoulder for way of retreat. Fairfax remained pensive. He had reached out and taken up a floating ribbon end of her gown's decoration and was meditatively rolling it about his finger.

"It's a mighty complex thing, life," he said slowly. "If we could only look into the future when we are young, I wonder what the results would be."

"Exactly what they are—in my life," Judith said rising, with an energy that left the ribbon in his hand, and she meant it. His eyes, his words and their accent had filled her with sudden revulsion.

George might be a little prosy—for that was the spelling of his innuendo—she had often considered him so herelf when the glamor of this man's memory had touched her thoughts, but distinctly and absolutely, was he a man of clean thoughts and clean hands, and not—some other things—things that she could not quite define but which she felt to the innermost fiber of her being. And she had impulse of thanksgiving that made her ready to go down on her knees.

During the drive home and far into the night her brain was busy with a readjustment that was comprehensive and far-reaching. And her heart assisted. The next morning her unrest was definite. It sent her to consulting the calendar.

"I suppose I'll have to stay a while longer or George will think I don't appreciate coming."

In Oklahoma George looked after business and was himself well looked after by their capable cook. Judith's absence caused him no inconvenience, but it gave him more time for reflections. They followed her South to their old home, but they centered about a vision of rose and gold. He did not feel this to be treason to Judith. What he gave to the ideal of his youth had never been Judith's nor never could be. It came but once and was for always the possession of its inspiration, and stirred to life on moonlight nights and when one listened to soft music. It was a hard fate that it should have been wasted, but then much of life was like that. George

thought himself something of a philosopher.

Judith had been gone six weeks when an event happened that disturbed his philosophic attitude. As he crossed the street on his way home Mrs. Hilton drew her trap up before him. Mrs. Hilton was a cousin of the butterfly and was blonde. When she had first moved to Orton her faint resemblance to her cousin had disturbed him. Afterward he had become accustomed to it. She was flushed now and rather breathless.

"You must come to my house tonight, Mr. Thompson," she said. "I'm entertaining—very informally, you know, for Elisé and her husband. They're only here for a day or two. Too bad Judith's away."

Elisé here! George's heart leaped vastly more like a schoolboy's than that of a shrewd man of business, and when he spoke he was far from certain about the steadiness of his voice.

"Yes—yes. It is too bad. I'll be pleased to come," he said formally.

He started early, but eight times did he circle the block in which the Hilton's house was situated before he presented himself to his hostess. The rooms were well filled with a laughing, chattering throng when he entered and for a few moments he could not distinguish the guest of honor.

In his aimless ramblings about the block he had come to acute consciousness of his hopelessly prosaic middle-aged appearance, and he dreaded the surprise her face would be likely to express. That any change had come to pink cheeks and golden hair had not occurred to him. Had he considered the question he would have probably argued that even Time should spare such charms.

Time, however, is a player of shabby tricks. There was little that was reminiscent of gold and rose bloom in the high color and brown hair of the portly matron to whom Mrs. Hilton led him; though by way of other reminiscence she was obviously ready to meet him all of half way.

"You! Well, well! And you are glad to see me. At our last interview you declared you never wanted to set eyes on my 'my fair, false face'—was n't it?—again."

George stammered futilely.

"Oh, I've forgiven you long ago," she



DRAWN BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Shake hands with your one-time 'hated rival.'"

said. "You were holding me responsible for what you called 'your blighted life'—remember? I was horribly remorseful for awhile—afraid to sleep in the dark. And then you were married before I was. Talk of the constancy of man—"

George very sensibly made no such effort. The face of things was certainly against it, and his long burning of secret incense was entirely irrelevant.

"No, there's no use to protest. Don't I

know?" Elisé was ponderously arch with her forefinger. "But I've pardoned that, too. Come now, and we'll talk over old times. You all really must excuse us," she said to the others, "there's so much for us to talk about."

She led the way to a sofa and continued her reminiscences; often to George's confusion. He listened with varied emotions. It was perhaps, the natural evolution of a butterfly—this frivolity, inconsequence.

He had never dwelt upon potentialities before, and now his senses and his memories were opposing forces. His share in this talk of old times consisted for the most part of abstracted assents.

"There—listen!" she exclaimed as the Mexican harpist rippled out an old waltz tune. "That's the piece you always used to call mine. You said it expressed all you wanted to say to me and could n't—La—la—la—" Elisé hummed swaying to the time. "It's a dear old thing."

"Is it possible I was ever so—poetic," George murmured. Inwardly he said other things.

"Yes. Is n't it funny? All that, and here we are happily married to other people. I hear that Judith is becoming quite celebrated, and Arthur is a dear fellow—Oh, here he is now. Come and shake hands with your one time 'hated rival.'"

The poet smiled blandly. He had the air of being used to it.

"Yes—certainly—I can well afford to. What a queer world it is."

"It's all right," George said tactlessly, out of the fullness of a great conviction.

He had the feeling of the man who sought a flower in foreign lands to find it at last blooming at his own door-step. It was a feeling that sent him home with his heart hungry for Judith and kept him very thoughtful the week that intervened before her return.

When at last they came he exhausted

the resources of the market in his order for the welcoming meal, and he was down to the station a full half-hour before the train was due.

Their greeting, however, betrayed no great revolution of feeling, and question and answer of everyday things filled the time until supper was announced.

In the lull that attended George's serving the plates Judith again looked about the table: At her tall young daughter, at the robust George junior, and at her husband, seeing his honest eyes and pleasant mouth; and again she sighed, but with content.

Later, when the children had gone to their rooms, she came out on the gallery where George sat smoking. He got up and drew a chair for her near his own, and for a little while they were silent.

The moon was very bright and next door someone was playing a Strauss waltz, very softly, yet George's thoughts had not to do with gold curl and rose bloom.

"I wish now that I had gone back five, ten years ago," Judith said finally.

"Why, honey?"

"Oh—because—" she answered vaguely. "And it does n't make any difference where you go, there's no place like home—Nor no one like you, George."

George reached over and closed his hand about hers which was resting on the wide chair arm.

"Nor you, Ju," he said.



DRAWN BY W. H. D. KOERNER

George closed his hand about her's.



DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

She was an attractive young woman

A Rescued Brain

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "Cagler's Clean Record," etc.

A young woman, pretty, smiling, self-possessed, came to Andrew Hull on the balcony of the Lakeside Club.

"Pardon my informality," she said, "but I have a card for you from Dr. Hemenway."

"Ah," he returned disinterestedly.

She seemed surprised at the greeting, or rather lack of greeting, but she handed him the card. It was Dr. Hemenway's professional card, and below the name was written: "Here is the prescription."

Hull's thoughts were far away with his business, and he read this without the slightest comprehension of what it meant

or to what it referred. Indeed, he was merely annoyed by the interruption.

"I am here with the Croswells," she explained further. "Dr. Hemenway arranged it, but they know nothing of the reason, of course."

"Ah, yes," said Hull, and, rather reluctantly, he got a chair for her.

"He told me to see you the first thing," she went on.

"Very good of him," remarked Hull, but his insincerity was apparent.

The young woman was troubled. She was not accustomed to this sort of treatment, and she thought the circumstances

required at least a show of interest in her presence and her mission. But she held calmly to her purpose.

"He did not have time to write fully," she said. "He thought the card would give you a general idea of the plan, and he left it to me to explain the details."

"They would seem to need explanation," he remarked dryly. "He speaks of a prescription," he added, after referring to the card again. "What is it."

She flushed a little at that. It was not easy to explain coldly to so cold a man.

"Why—why, I believe I am the prescription," she finally answered.

He was still dreaming of business, but this remarkable statement had an awakening effect.

"You!" he repeated. "You the prescription! For whom?"

"For your brother, of course," she answered.

"Ah, yes," he commented, vainly trying to comprehend what it was all about. "And is this prescription to be taken—er—matrimonially?"

Her face flushed again, but she answered with a smile: "Dr. Hemenway did not go quite so far with his prescription, but he intimated that it would do no harm to the patient."

"Very good of the doctor," said Hull.

"But I am not ready to be disposed of in that way," she retorted quickly. "Seriously, Mr. Hull," she went on, "Dr. Hemenway explained the case to me quite fully—how your brother was a victim of modern business monomania; how he had had no other thought for so long that it seemed impossible for him to have one now; how his health and even his reason depended upon giving him some other interest in life. 'We have had to take him away from business, Miss Clifton,' he explained, 'and he is lost—absolutely lost. He plays golf under orders, with his mind in the old grove. For all the good it does him, he might as well be given a plank and told to drive so many nails into it every day. He never has had a hobby, and we don't seem to be able to develop one. He broods—broods about business and self. He knows he's in a bad way, and he worries about it, which is the very last thing he ought to do. A hobby would be

the best thing in the world for him. Now, why can't you be his hobby?' That's the way Dr. Hemenway put it, and, of course, I'm under orders."

Hull winced at this explanation, and he now spoke in the perfunctory way of a man who feels that he ought to say something and does not know quite what to say.

"So you want to be his hobby," he said slowly.

"I don't care anything about it personally," she returned. "I'm a prescription. I gave up society to be a trained nurse, and Dr. Hemenway seemed to think I had the qualifications for this rather unusual job. He told me it was a medical necessity—to take the patient out of himself and his old life—and he thought the right kind of a woman could do it."

"Suppose—suppose he should fall in love?"

"Dr. Hemenway says it is the very best thing that could happen."

"Even if you did n't marry him?"

"When he has waked up to the fact that there are women in the world—a thing that he has forgotten, I understand—he may marry some one else. All that I am to do is to get him interested in something new."

"Woman is n't new."

"Perhaps not, but man seldom really knows her."

"Not bad; not at all bad," said Hull, to himself rather than to her. "I have always understood that a woman was able to make a man forget his other troubles."

"But surely you knew something of this," she suggested, with sudden doubt.

"Oh, yes," he assured her. "I knew that Dr. Hemenway had some new treatment in mind, but I did n't know what it was, and it is—er—rather surprising."

"Yes, it is," she admitted; "and Dr. Hemenway thought it would be well to arrange to meet your brother under some unusual circumstances—to get his attention, you know."

"Of course, of course," he said. "He is away today, and we'll talk about it further this evening."

This conversation troubled Andrew Hull greatly when he went for his daily walk, for he knew that he himself was the

patient for whom Miss Clifton had been "prescribed." Dr. Hemenway had had his case in hand for a considerable time, and he knew that the doctor had discussed it with his brother, Edward. Miss Clifton should have seen Edward first, but Edward was away for the day, and some mistake or misunderstanding, probably by a club attendant, had sent her to him.

"There is certainly novelty in the idea of flirting a man back to health," he thought, with an amused smile; but the smile died away quickly in the face of another thought. "It must be worse than I suspected," he went on. "I know my brain is out of gear. It is getting more erratic every day. I am losing my grip on the world; there is a confusion of figures and unrelated facts in my head all the time—a confusion of business that I can't straighten out. And I don't see that this country club treatment is doing any good, either."

The treatment was not doing any good. He had been ordered to travel first, and he had traveled without seeing anything. All places were alike to him: he did not know or care whether he was in Amsterdam or Constantinople. He never had traveled for pleasure in all his life before, always having a business excuse for any journey he took; he never had done anything for pleasure, as a matter of fact, unless one considered the pleasure of business success. He had begun business as a boy, and he had made of it a passion—so much of a passion that he became its slave instead of its master. The human mind must have variety, diversion; without this, it clogs and, possibly, breaks. Hull had used his mind in only one way and for only one purpose for so long that most of it was clogged with rust and the rest of it was running wild. The part that was clogged he could not start, and the part that was running wild he could not stop.

Even now, in a beautiful wooded country, he saw nothing of the beauty. So far as any mental diversion or refreshment was concerned, he might as well have been treading a cinder path in some gymnasium. There was beauty all about him, but he did not see it. The daily walk, like the golf, was a prescription; he took the same

walk every day, so oblivious to his surroundings that it never occurred to him to seek variety in a new path. Indeed, he never had seen what lay in the old one.

So the Lakeside Country Club proved no more beneficial than the travel. It was not enough that he should give his body some new form of employment; he must also give it to his mind, and his mind refused to be interested in what his body was doing. The doctor had thought he might develop an interest in golf, but he did not. He played it as a medical necessity, caring so little about it that he never knew what his score was. His mind was back in his office at first; then he began to worry about himself, as he was doing now.

"I've improved some physically," he reasoned, "but my mind is going—slipping away gradually. Edward and the doctor must have realized that before I did, and they've got to the desperate point of experimenting. The woman idea is certainly an odd one. Perhaps they'd even spring a breach-of-promise suit on me, to give my thoughts a new twist." He smiled a little at this, in spite of his anxiety. "And now, if I let her alone, she'll go after Ed." There was something amusing in that, too. "I'm not sure that it would n't do him more good than it would me. Ed knows more about women than I do, and he might get some fun out of it. Well," he concluded, "she's made a botch of it, anyhow, for she can't expect to interest me very much when I know it's all a deliberate plan. She'll have to go back and report that she got started wrong."

Then he fell to wondering what would have happened if she had not made this mistake. The plan was so novel that it commanded his attention for the moment. She was an attractive young woman, and an attractive young woman was capable of giving a man surprising problems to occupy his mind. She was independent and clever, too, although he would not have noticed this had not the extraordinary nature of her mission centered his attention upon her. But, as usual, he soon reverted to his troubles, and brooded morbidly on his inability to hold the sequence of various details of his business life.

When he saw her that evening, it was



his purpose to explain to her the mistake she had made. He should have done so in the first place, but the whole affair was so surprising and had so disconcerted him that he had taken time to think it over. It was an awkward situation at best. "Does your brother swim?" was the question with which she greeted him when they met.

"No," he answered, surprised.

"Then it would n't help any for me to fall off the pier, would it?" she returned disappointedly, "He would n't dive after me."

"I'm afraid not." He found himself experiencing a sensation of amazement.

"Were you thinking of falling off a pier?"

"Well, it's important that our first meeting should be of a nature to impress him. I've got to get his attention, you know," she explained. "I can swim, so I would n't mind falling off the pier, if it would do any good. It would spoil a gown, but I could charge that up in the bill."

He mentally decided that Dr. Hemen-

way had sent the right kind of a woman to awaken any man, and he was rather sorry that she was not to have an opportunity to practice on his brother. Ed was younger but of much the same temperament as himself. He was not a man who fitted readily into a strenuous romance, so the picture presented had some of the elements of a farce.

"Perhaps he rides,"

she went on, after a moment of thought.

"I could let him rescue me from an unmanageable horse. I'm a pretty good horsewoman, and I can make a horse look mighty unmanageable without much trouble."

This picture was as farcical as the other, and Hull discovered that his sense of humor was not wholly dormant. He told her that he thought his brother would do his best to help a woman in distress, but that his experience with horses was extremely limited. He owned some, but he never drove them himself.

"I suppose I could break down in an

DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

"I have a card for you from Doctor Hemenway," she said.

automobile," she said regretfully, "but that's getting to be so common that it would n't make any impression. You see, I want to break through the crust of his self-concentration the very first thing, so that he will have to notice and remember me."

"I fear the automobile won't do it."

"I'm rather sorry," she remarked reflectively. "When a man gets down on his back under a gasoline can to fix a plug or a chain or something, the person he does it for ought to have a real identity to him. Well, I'll have to sprain my ankle and let him help me home," she added resignedly; then, with more animation: "No, I won't either. I'll have a fall from my horse right in front of him. A loose saddle-girth will fix that nicely, and I'm an expert on falls. I guess by the time he's got me home he'll remember who I am."

Hull looked at her curiously and admiringly. Then he laughed. These various plans had given him mental pictures that were diverting and strange enough to take a real hold upon him, and he began to wonder what would happen if he kept silent.

"Ed ought to be waked up, too," he thought, a smile flickering about his mouth. "I'd like to see what he'd do, and I'd like to hear what he'd say if he woke up and found he'd been taking the treatment planned for me. Besides, it's too bad to disappoint the girl. I'll just let her experiment on Ed."

The idea of diverting this campaign from himself to Ed, without the latter's knowledge, so amused him that he actually chuckled, and his imagination straightway busied itself with ludicrous scenes and a still more ludicrous *dénouement*, when the truth should become known.

"It seems to amuse you," she remarked.

"It is unusual," he explained, "and there is something amusing in the plan, but I think it will prove effective. The fall from the horse is just the thing to get his attention, because you will need a lot of assistance in getting home."

"Of course," she agreed readily.

"Would you let him carry you?" he asked.

"If it would do any good."

"I'm sure it would."

"Then I don't see why I should object to being carried—in my professional capacity."

"Oh, in your professional capacity, of course," he conceded.

"A nurse is supposed to think only of the good of the patient," she explained. "Whatever will benefit him is quite proper."

"Well, that will help a lot," he assured her. "He'll be sure to remember you after that. I want to warn you of one little hallucination, too. He thinks I am the patient that needs attention, so if he talks to you in that strain, humor him. He has begun to worry about me a good deal, but we have thought that better than worrying about himself. It's a harmless vagary that we have thought it best not to try to correct just yet."

"Oh, of course," she acquiesced, understandingly. "It will be time enough to straighten that out later."

A great change came over Andrew Hull from that moment. He drew his chair close to hers and entered enthusiastically into the consideration of the details of the plan. Others on the balcony were amazed to see this glum, morbid, uncompanionable man in earnest and interested conversation with a young woman. By all other young women he had been considered wholly unapproachable; yet his eyes were now bright as he talked or listened, and he even laughed occasionally. He seemed to leave her with regret, too; no one had ever seen him make so elaborate a bow, and no one had ever seen his customary frown so entirely dissipated.

"Poor Ed!" he chuckled, when he reached his room. "He's in for trouble when this campaign gets under way. We'll have him so bewildered he won't know what's happening. Oh, I've got to see it: I would n't miss it for a million!"

The next morning his actions were even more amazing. He went out to the stables with Miss Clifton to see about a horse, and he assisted her in improvising a saddle-girth fastening that she could easily loosen at the critical moment. Then, with the air of a comic opera conspirator, he slipped away into the wood and concealed himself behind some bushes near the point selected

for the first scene of the little comedy.

"I've got to see it," he kept saying. "Poor Ed! He won't know what to do."

Ed was returning from town that morning, and he always walked from the station. It was a short walk, and Miss Clifton could see him coming over a little hill in time to meet him at the selected spot.

She played her part splendidly. He stepped aside to let her pass; there was a little scream of fright, the saddle slipped, and she fell in a heap just a few feet from him. Then she lay motionless in the road, while the surprised horse walked on a few steps and stopped.

It was all so sudden that the bewildered man simply looked at her in a vacant sort of way for a moment; then he knelt beside her.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

There was no answer. He looked up and down the road for help, but there was no help in sight. He looked back at her in an agony of doubt and apprehension. If there ever was a man whose face showed perplexed embarrassment, Edward Hull was the man at that moment, and his brother Andrew, watching from the bushes, sank weakly to the ground, held his sides, and nearly choked with suppressed laughter.

"I've got to do something," groaned Edward. His first thought was of water, but there was no water at hand. Then he sprang to his feet with the idea of running for help, but he could not leave her lying in the road.

"I must carry her," he decided at last.

Andrew could see that decision in his face, and he could also see the uncertainty as to methods. A woman was a burden with which both brothers were unfamiliar. Edward knelt beside her again, and studied the problem. Once he seemed on the point of taking her arms over his shoulders and carrying her on his back, but that method did not quite commend itself.

"A fellow needs practice in this sort of thing," he muttered, and finally, failing to find any other solution, he simply lifted her in his arms, adjusted the burden as he best could, and started for the clubhouse. Andrew dodged along behind the trees and bushes, escaping notice, not so much by

his own extravagant efforts as because of the preoccupation of his brother.

"Oh, I guess she's got his attention all right," he commented. "I don't think he'll forget her very soon. It's more fun than I have had since I was in knee pants."

Being so entirely inexperienced, Edward failed to make Miss Clifton quite comfortable in his arms, and she found it advisable to regain consciousness. So she gave a long preliminary sigh. He stopped short, and the quickness with which he deposited her at the side of the road showed that he anticipated trouble if she discovered the liberty he had taken.

She opened her eyes, looked up at him, and smiled.

"I think I'm all right now," she said weakly. "The saddle-girth slipped and I got a nasty fall." She sat up and brushed the hair back from her eyes. "How fortunate that you were there!" she added gratefully.

Andrew, hearing this, kept silence with difficulty.

"She's a queen!" he declared. "She's superb! I'm sort of sorry she did n't have a chance to play that on me."

"You'd better catch the horse," she suggested to Edward.

While he was doing that, she got on her feet, caught sight of Andrew behind a tree, and it really seemed as if she winked. At any rate, she gave him a nod and a smile. Then, seeing Edward returning, she limped painfully to a tree, and leaned against that for support.

"I seem to have hurt my foot in some way," she explained, when he came up. "Do you suppose you can help me a little?"

Of course he could. So, supporting her with one arm and with the bridle-rein looped on the other, he again moved toward the clubhouse.

"Oh, she's got his attention all right," chuckled Andrew. "He won't forget this. And neither will I," he added.

People said that Andrew Hull wore a broad grin when he returned to his accustomed chair on the clubhouse balcony. No one had imagined it possible for him to change so much in so short a time. Edward noticed it the moment he saw him.

"By George! Andrew, you're looking a whole lot better," Edward exclaimed.

"I'm feeling a lot better," Andrew returned.

"Why, you look positively cheerful," Edward persisted.

"I'm feeling cheerful," said Andrew.

"I've been cheered a lot lately."

"What cheered you?"

"You, Edward. You've no idea how

from a horse, and I picked her up in my arms—"

"No?"

"Yes, I did, Andrew."

"You would n't know how."

"I had to learn; and," he admitted, "I was mighty afraid I'd get hold of her wrong in some way."



DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

Miss Clifton could see him coming over the hill.

cheering the sight of you has been."

"Nonsense! I've only been away a few days. But you might have been interested if you could have seen me a little while ago."

"Do you think so?" asked Andrew, casually.

"Ye-es," answered Edward thoughtfully. "It was rather extraordinary. You see, I rescued a girl—stunned by a fall

"Did you?"

"I don't know."

"I wish I could have seen you, Edward. Are you going to marry her?"

"Am I what?"

"Marry her. That sort of thing is expected after a rescue, is n't it?"

Edward regarded his brother with some anxiety. This might be a preliminary symptom of complete mental collapse.

"Are you trying to joke, Andrew?" he asked. "It is n't like you to be so absurd. But," he added, "it was a rather interesting experience, and I'm not sure that I regret it."

"Who's the girl, Edward?"

"Oh, she's a Miss Clifton. I'll have to see something of her now, and you must meet her."

At the first opportunity Andrew was formally presented to Miss Clifton, and, when they were alone, he hastened to assure her that she was doing splendidly.

"You've got a fine start," he told her. "He is n't going to forget your existence after that, but you must keep it up. Do some other extraordinary thing."

"Of course," she agreed. "I must make use of this hold I've got on his attention to get him interested in something."

"Get him interested in you," he urged.

"Oh, no," she returned. "That is n't the idea."

"That's a good idea," insisted Andrew. "Tip him over in a boat—where it's shallow, of course."

"I don't believe that's quite necessary," she argued. "I am merely the agent to direct his thoughts into some new channel. Perhaps amateur photography would be a good thing."

"Try it," he advised. "I'm partial to the boat idea, but I'd get some fun out of seeing him trotting about taking snapshots."

"But this is n't for your amusement," she protested.

"Oh, it is n't!" he retorted. "Well, that would do a lot of good, anyhow."

"Do you know," she remarked thoughtfully, "he's a good deal younger than I expected."

"Yes," he admitted, "he's young enough to be interested in women, but he never has been. I'm too old to begin."

"Do you think so?"

"Well," he hesitated, "I did think so. But you keep after him."

She did keep after him, and Andrew watched. Andrew had to be right sly to keep them always under his eye, too, but he developed unusual energy and a whimsical sense of humor. Her vagaries were endless. She appeared with a camera one day, and made Edward pose for her seven

different ways. A man can't very well refuse so small a favor to an attractive young woman, even if some of the poses do make him feel absurd. She wanted him to remember, and he did. He could n't forget some of those poses in a lifetime. Then she insisted upon showing him how to develop the negatives, which necessitated a session in a dark-room.

"She's a wonder!" commented Andrew. She's got him in a trance. I wonder what she'd have done to me if I had n't fooled Ed into taking the prescription himself."

Whenever interest flagged he came forward with suggestions of his own.

"Make him ride," he advised one day. "He needs to be jarred a little more or he may have a relapse."

She succeeded in that, too. Edward was too bewildered to protest: he could not quite understand what was happening to himself, and he could not at all understand the extraordinary change in his brother, who seemed to have a new and incomprehensible interest in life. So he rode with her, and Andrew borrowed the camera and stole a snapshot of him trying to mount on the wrong side of the horse. Andrew did not know it was the wrong side, but he knew that there was something awkward about it, and it pleased him to get the picture.

"Make him dance," he suggested on another occasion.

She did so. Neither of the brothers ever had learned to dance, and how she convinced Edward that he ought to learn no one ever knew. But she gave him lessons in a secluded part of the balcony. After a little he seemed to derive much satisfaction from these lessons.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Andrew, watching, "he does n't even let go of her when they quit dancing; he hangs right on while she's explaining things. That's no way to do." Then, regretfully: "Wonder if I'd like it as much as he seems to."

During these days Edward had hardly time to think, for she was most resourceful in devising schemes to claim his attention. Andrew, in his efforts to keep track of them, had developed a sort of dog-trot, and his mental activity was certainly along entirely new lines. His taciturnity left him; he had a smile for those he met, but there



DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

"It seemed a good time to give a little thought to myself."

was something mysterious about the smile. It seemed to say, "Don't you wish you knew the joke?" Even the busy Edward could not help noticing this smile.

"I never saw such a change in a man," he remarked. "What's the explanation?"

"A new prescription," replied Andrew.

"Are you taking it?"

"By proxy, but it's doing me a lot of good."

"Dr. Hemenway mentioned some new treatment," said Edward, "but he never told me what it was."

"It's a good proxy treatment," explained Andrew.

"What do you mean by that?"

"You've got troubles enough of your own just now, Ed," was the enigmatical reply. "It would only make them worse to know about this prescription."

A little later two members of the club came upon Andrew shaking with laughter.

"What's the joke?" one of them asked.

"Oh," he replied, controlling himself with an effort, "Ed's taking my prescription, and he likes it."

"I don't see anything funny in that," commented the one who had asked the question.

"You don't know the prescription."

"Will it hurt him?"

"I don't know."

This perplexed them mightily. What was there so amusing in the fact that his brother was taking some medicine by mistake?

"You ought to know something of the effect," the questioner persisted.

"Never took it myself," he replied.

"I'll see how it works on Ed."

"How did he get hold of it?"

"Picked it up in the road."

"Very careless."

"Was n't it?" And Andrew began to laugh again. "But Ed seems to like it first rate."

Ed did like it. He found himself doing many amazing things, but the sensations were distinctly pleasurable. He decided that he would like to have some one to inspire him constantly to these amazing things, and there was only one person who could do it. And this person had become deeply interested in him: she liked to make him do these amazing things; she enjoyed this evidence of her power, and she was convinced that there was nothing wrong

with his mind, either, in spite of what Dr. Hemenway might say. He was a good, strong man—the kind of a man that any woman might be proud to have for a captive, and she knew that he was her captive before he knew it.

So it happened that Edward came to Andrew in some embarrassment one evening, and smoked for a long time before saying anything.

"Andrew," he blurted out at last, "I'm going to marry Miss Clifton."

"Good! good!" exclaimed Andrew. "There's nothing like keeping the prescription in the family."

"Prescription!"

"Why, yes. She's the prescription that Dr. Hemenway sent down here for me—to wake me up. She made a mistake; that informed me of the plan, and I thought I'd try it on you first. She's all right, Ed; she did a good job; she had you waked up and guessing right from the start. Don't worry about me, either! I got the medicine by proxy, but it's done the work all right: my brain's running even again. I have n't felt so fresh and clear and contented in twenty years."

Edward could only lean back in his chair and gasp.

"I've laughed the clinkers out of my mental furnace," Andrew went on, "and

I know how to keep them out. If I ever find myself getting morose and morbid again, Ed, I'll just look at you—and laugh. That's what I'll do—look at you and laugh. Go ahead and marry her, Ed."

"I will," said Edward doggedly. "It's already settled."

"Good!" cried Andrew. "I can't have any relapse while the prescription and the proxy that took it are right handy, to keep me in mind of it all—even to your distress when you had to carry her and did n't know how."

Andrew laughed so long and loud that Edward finally joined in.

"It's a good joke on her, too," said Edward.

"The best in the world!" cried Andrew. "There she comes now. Tell her about it."

Edward told her while Andrew shook with laughter. She smiled indulgently.

"So you got it wrong," roared Andrew.

"Oh, no," she returned quietly.

Andrew's laugh died away in a gurgle.

"I knew," she said, "but it seemed a good time to give a little thought to myself."

"Oh!" gasped Andrew, and his face showed that the cure was complete; he was very much awake to the incidents of life, and easily jarred—oh, very easily jarred.

The Spanish Ancestress

BY HARRIET A. NASH

Author of "The Making of a Citizen," etc.

The soft eyes gazed approvingly down from the framed canvas as Miss Confidence set a glass bowl of tiny old fashioned roses in the exact center of the round table. In all the long years since she had been but a portrait upon the back parlor wall and a revered tradition in the family history. The Spanish Ancestress had kept jealous watch over the family fortunes with eyes which her descendants declared grew soft or coldly disapproving as the changing scenes of human life passed in succession upon the little stage before her.

Yet time and fortune had been gracious to this regal lady of long ago. Away in the

busy world, swift steamers and clanging car wheels had long since displaced the sailing vessel and stage coach which brought her thither; sedan chairs and lace mantilla were but tradition and the piano player had crowded the guitar from the memory of man as a popular instrument for the expression of sentiment.

But here, in the quiet back parlor of the old Prescott mansion there was little change. The rugs upon the polished floor across which her little feet had lightly danced, the mahogany furniture, the spinet in the corner, had all been purchased by old Jacob Prescott to do honor to his

foreign bride. The same round table had been spread with the same thin china and shining silverware when she sat down to her first evening meal beneath this roof.

From the wide old-fashioned garden stole fragrant odors from the roses she had helped to plant, and a carved stone seat beneath a spreading oak tree in the front lawn, had been a favorite resort of summer evenings a century ago. The dreamy atmosphere of a long summer afternoon wrapped the old house in a peaceful serenity wherein neither time nor change had place.

But it was the slender figure hovering with graceful gestures above the tea table which emphasized most forcibly the subtle charm of an age gone by, and combined the inherited grace of the tropics with all the sterling qualities inherent in New England's bluest blood. Miss Confidence's glossy black hair was combed smoothly over her ears in the fashion of her early youth; her dark eyes, so like the picture ones upon the wall, were fitted with spectacles for near sightedness; her simple gray silk was distended by a wide hoop, and the lace kerchief crossed upon her bosom was a priceless inheritance. Altogether, from her carved-shell back-comb to her heelless satin slippers, this daughter of the house of Prescott was quite in keeping with her home.

"It is fortunate the table is round and we are three," she said as she moved the glass preserve dish the fraction of an inch.

"To put them opposite each other might prove embarrassing, while side by side would be no better. Ah me, I believe there have n't been lovers at this old table before

or since Sister Margaret's engagement party the evening before Hiram Weatherbee went to war. Barbara must serve the quince preserves, although she does n't like them, and Roger can preside over the sliced ham. I wish it could have been the stewed chicken which we always have on occasions of special importance, but the child is far too fond of the dish. An appetite for sweet foods has become a matter of course in the young ladies of the present day, but I cannot permit my niece to lose reverence in the eyes of her betrothed by demanding a second helping of a heartier dish. I fear she will insist upon two pieces of loaf-cake, though I instructed Martha to use the almond flavoring."

Miss Confidence left the tea table to gaze down the wide village street, where dandelions bloomed daringly in cracks of the board sidewalk and the elm trees upon the Prescott estate swayed friendly branches towards the oaks and maples across the way. There was no moving figure or sign of

life, and Miss Confidence, who considered it inelegant to watch for a guest, settled herself in a straight-backed chair and drew an ivory shuttle from the silk bag upon her arm. But a little frown gathered between her arching eyebrows and



DRAWN BY WALTER WHITEHEAD

Barbara.

the likeness to the pictured ancestor was less apparent.

The tall clock upon the stairs broke the silence by five mellow, lingering strokes, and a door from the back hall opened noiselessly. Miss Confidence arose.

"You may return the tea to the kitchen and make fresh when I ring, Martha," she said. "Our guests have not arrived."

And the maid retreated with a grumbling protest that in her day tea-company meant a reasonable visit instead of hurrying in half an hour late to "eat and run."

Miss Confidence seated herself again.

"I must not blame the children," she said judiciously. "It is all the fault of this modern up-bringing which deprives young people of all sense of reverence. An appointment in these days is something to be kept at the time appointed, an hour later, or not at all, as best serves the impulse."

The pointed hands of the old clock had nearly reached the hour of six when a girl in white came up the street alone. Miss Confidence's displeasure vanished at the first sound of a foot-fall upon the hall floor.

"Good afternoon, Barbara, my dear," she said fondly, but her glance wandered into the empty space of hall and porch and down the flagged walk to the iron gate.

"Where is Roger?" she inquired. Barbara tossed her wide hat upon the hall table and adjusted the buckle of her crimson belt critically.

"Mr. Blake is n't coming," she said carelessly. "He sent his excuses."

The little frown gathered again upon Miss Confidence's brow.

"In my day, Barbara," she said severely, "courtesy required that a broken appointment be accounted for by something more than mere excuses. It was even so exacting as to require reasons."

Barbara paused to admire a piece of statuary which had stood in a corner of the old hall since her mother was a child.

"Oh, reasons," she returned. "Well, he had reasons enough, I suppose. One, doubtless, was that he did n't care to sit at the table with me, and the other that he wanted to drive over to Seaboro with Lucy James. What he said was that he did not wish to accept your hospitality under false pretenses, and as we are not engaged any longer he was, therefore, not the person to

whom it was extended. How pretty the roses are, Aunt Confidence."

"Come right out to the tea table, my dear," returned Miss Confidence briskly. "I will ring for the tea and Martha shall exchange the quince preserve for orange marmalade. I am sorry there is almond in the loaf cake, dear, but perhaps you will not feel much interest in cake tonight."

Miss Confidence's tone was commiserating but Barbara laughed lightly, "Oh, I'm starving," she protested. "If you had only put the table out of The Spanish Ancestress' sight I could eat three pieces."

Miss Confidence kept up a constant chatter of commonplaces while she watched her guest narrowly. By all the rules of a quarter century ago Barbara should have declined food and lost all interest in her personal appearance. The crimson belt and tie were really an offense to a sympathizing eye. Yet, as the meal progressed, the girl's manner grew listless and to her aunt's relief she declined the cake.

When they arose from the table she stood for a long time before the dim portrait. To Miss Confidence's anxious mind the soft eyes fixed upon the girl were full of tender compassion but Barbara found something else therein, for she sighed as she turned away.

"How happy she looks," she said. "I wonder if it is n't better—to be perfectly happy for a few years as she was, than to have little weak spots of happiness scattering along over a great many years."

Martha, who was clearing the table interrupted. "Most folks thinks themselves lucky to get a dab of it now and then," she asserted with all the privileged candor of an old retainer.

"Tell me about her," urged Barbara restlessly turning to her aunt. "She was a Spanish noble's daughter, I know. But how did great-great grandfather meet her—and where?"

Miss Confidence hesitated. "It was so long ago," she said. "There is very little we can be sure of. She died when her child was born, and she spoke so little English that nothing has come down to us from her own lips. It is said that our great-grandfather never mentioned her name afterwards. But there is an abundance of tradition.



DRAWN BY WALTER WHITEHEAD

She reveled among the treasures of by-gone Prescotts.

"Martha's grandmother used to tell us children stories which her mother had told of her first coming here, and the great admiration bestowed upon her. A Spanish princess, the people called her, and it is by no means certain that we have not through her, the blood of royalty in our veins."

"A good deal diluted by common New England blood," commented Barbara.

"I should never have considered that New England blood could be diluting," replied Miss Confidence reprovingly. "Rather has our staunch colonial ancestry, which is the real foundation of the Prescott character, been enriched by a flavor of foreign royalty. Turn your head a little Barbara—no, to the right. Yes, you are curiously like her tonight. One of the old traditions declares that one in every generation of her descendants shall inherit her tropical coloring, while all the others are blue eyed, fair-skinned Prescotts. In my generation it was I." Miss Confidence sighed.

Barbara arose, crossed the room and stood thoughtfully before the oval mirror. "And now it is I," she said regretfully.

"Well, 'me.' Why, Aunt Confidence, when she was so happy does it bring misfortune to be like her?"

Miss Confidence shook her head. "I never understood," she said sadly.

"Old traditions have a way of fulfilling themselves without reason. But, my dear, our conversation is taking a most melancholy turn. Tell me, instead, how your father's early pease are coming on."

It was an hour later, and Martha in the great kitchen was lighting a tin lantern to accompany the guest home, when Miss Confidence slipped her arm with sudden sympathy about the girl's waist.

"A broken engagement is a serious responsibility, my dear," she said. "I hope you were not to blame."

Barbara's dark eyes were misty. "Indeed I was not, Aunt Confidence," she said earnestly. "Really, I do not see that there was anyone to blame. It is just one of those hopeless misunderstandings which can never be explained because it is all tangled up with other things and consists principally of ideas and impressions and points of view."

"What a beautiful dress my aunt wore tonight, Martha," Barbara said as they went down the walk beneath the elm trees. "I don't remember that I ever saw it before."

"Twas a part of her weddin' outfit, like all the rest. I don't suppose that gown's seen the light of day before since your ma's engagement party. She had a whim for savin' special clothes for special occasions, and land knows there's enough of them so she can afford to. Old Colonel Prescott, your grandpa that was, was a generous man, and Miss Confidence had a fittin' out equal to the royal blood she's so proud of. You know the story—it's common talk to all Pineville.

"When the engagement broke and Miss Confidence declared there was nothing to explain, the colonel was fairly beside himself. The Prescott disposition, I s'pose, would have been called downright ugliness, in any common man. He vowed she might wear her weddin' clothes, married or single, the rest of her life, for never another stitch should be bought with his money. And Miss Confidence, with a spirit equal to his own, declared she would wear 'em just as they was. Dear Land, it faded from stubbornness into comfortable habit years ago, and I don't suppose Miss Confidence would change to present day fashion at any price."

"I don't know but she's wise," Barbara said dreamily. "Of course, she is. The sleeves of my new green alpaca give me more trouble every time I wear it than she's known in thirty years. They twist."

The first selectman of Pineville sat upon the extreme edge of a carved chair in the Prescott parlor, listening to Miss Confidence with troubled face.

"I do not approve of the method," said the lady. "It is eminently fitting that the town observe its two-hundredth anniversary, and as a descendant of the first settler I take deep interest in the observance—the fitting observance I should say."

The first selectman crumpled his hat brim nervously. "Yes, ma'am, I see what you mean," he agreed. "Speeches in the church and anniversary poems and singing 'My Country 'tis of Thee,' by the choir. That's the usual way, I know. But the

young folks have set their hearts on something livelier. They're going to fix up the town hall with draperies, and booths for showing off old relics, and hang old family portraits and swords around on one side. But on the other side they're bound to have grab bags and lemonade wells and fortune telling."

Miss Confidence arose. "There is no more to be said, Mr. Greeley," she declared. "I cannot feel to contribute money to so undignified a proceeding. As for loaning the Prescott heirlooms and portraits, I could not think of it. Fortune telling, indeed. The vulgar greed of the present day, as evinced in an attempt to pry into the mysteries of the future, is most deplorable. Good morning, Mr. Greeley."

As the first selectman went down the street, Miss Confidence sought the kitchen.

"Martha," she said, "the two-hundredth anniversary of Pineville falls a week from Thursday. We will clean the attic on that day."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Martha.

But on the twentieth day of July Miss Confidence's heart so far softened as to permit her servant to attend the despired merry-making. Then, with gingham apron tied over her delaine dress and silk handkerchief covering her dark dair, she repaired to the dusty attic where the musty treasures of generations gone crumbled peacefully.

Miss Confidence well knew that July is not the month for cleaning attics, but the place was a refuge to her at times of disturbance, and today the welcome sound of raindrops upon the old roof assured her that Nature was in sympathy with her disapproval. All day she reveled among the treasures of bygone Prescotts, turning over letters of faded ink and yellowed paper and shaking out from cedar chests rich fabrics of foreign texture. It was dusk when she came down the back stairs with some worn old books in one hand and a sandal-wood box in the other.

Martha, weary with a day whose every pleasure had been dampened by rain, started as her mistress opened the kitchen door.

"Good Land, how you scairt me," she said. "I felt sure, for a minute, 'twas the

woman in the picture. With that thing on your head you're her very image."

Miss Confidence removed the handkerchief and folded it carefully.

"Did you have a nice day, Martha?" she inquired pleasantly, standing in the genial warmth of the kitchen stove.

Martha rubbed vigorously at a damp spot upon the green alpaca. "It's goin' to cockle," she said despairingly.

"Nice day? Well, no. I saw a lot of folks to be sure, but they was all feelin' dowdy because they'd wore their old clothes or worried because their best ones had got wet. The hall looked pretty enough, but I could see more handsome relics to home in fifteen minutes than all they had there. The lemonade was sour and the fortune teller a perfect fraud. I fooled away a sinful quarter, only to be told I was a double widow lookin' for her third. Nice talk to a respectable spinster that never even kept company in her life."

Miss Confidence turned the yellowed leaves of an old book thoughtfully. "The mice have been in Grandfather Prescott's old desk, Martha," she announced. "You had better put the gray cat up in the attic. They gnawed into a secret drawer I do not remember to have noticed before."

"Yes'm," said Martha.

"I felt sorry for Barbary. She did n't want to go in, but the other girls dared her to. I was standin' close by and could n't help but hear every word the woman said. What's more, others heard it, too. Madame Esmeralda she called herself, though from her looks she might have been plain Mis' Anybody."

Miss Confidence had closed the book. "And Miss Barbara?" she questioned anxiously.

"Oh, it was n't anything bad exactly—only sort of dreary and hopeless. She told her her dark eyes had brought a blight into her youth and she'd live a lonely, loveless life, full of charity and good works. That's a worse fate than shipwreck to look forward to at Barbary's age. There, you've staid up in that attic till you're fairly blue with chill. I'm goin' to lay a fire in the back parlor, if it is July."

"Thank you Martha," replied Miss Confidence. "And light the reading lamp, if you please. I have found what appears

to be Great Grandfather Prescott's old diary, and at this remote day it hardly seems dishonorable to look it through, if, indeed, I can decipher his most peculiar handwriting. I may find something to interest Barbara. And I brought down this



DRAWN BY WALTER WHITEHEAD

"There is no more to be said, Mr. Greeley"

box of old jewelry to select a pretty ring for her."

Half an hour later Martha arose from her knees beside the parlor fire and hung the bellows in place.

"A double widow," she said resentfully.

"I tell you, Miss Confidence, there's no measurin' the harm that woman may have done in town by her reckless handlin' of human hearts. Notice how kind of sad she looks tonight," jerking her elbow in the direction of the portrait.

Miss Confidence closed Great Grandfather Prescott's diary; it was proving hopelessly uninteresting.

"I wonder how much there is in that old superstition," she said dreamily.

"Far too little," returned Martha. "She'd ought to have the power of comin' down out of that frame and settin' to right the things she sees goin' wrong, whether she knows the reason why they're wrong or not. What's the use of her seein' things else—for see 'em she does, is my firm belief."

"Martha's voice dropped. "Grandmother used to say," she continued mysteriously, "that she had a wonderful power of divinin' things. There was a sort of charm she could put on and tell the real future and even see things the other side of the world. They said she saw her husband's ship go down the night he was wrecked in the Indian Ocean and even described the vessel that took him off."

Miss Confidence's expression was one of incredulity. "I never heard all this before," she said.

"No, ma'am," replied Martha. "Grandmother never told it but once, and then she was sorry the minute after, and threatened the Spanish lady's ghost would come back to chase us if we told. I did n't dare to breathe it then, and I have n't thought of it for years, till all this nonsense brought it up again. Grandmother said her husband's family, your folks that was, did n't want it known, fearin' she'd be took up for a witch. Well, all I know is that if she comes back to chase me for tellin', I hope she'll stop long enough to look about her and set things right between Barbary and Roger Blake."

Martha closed the door softly and Miss Confidence took up the sandal-wood box. But her eyes were lifted to the portrait whose gaze seemed burning into hers.

"It seems as if she were trying to tell me something," Miss Confidence said uneasily, then laughed. "Martha's chatter

has made me actually silly," she declared. "One more chapter of Great Grandfather's diary will doubtless compose my mind and make me sleepy enough for bed."

Pineville fair, the annual autumnal occurrence, for the coming of which the community had waited patiently through twelve months of snow and mud and summer heat, was in full progress once more, and Pineville, still smarting under a remembrance of its unsuccessful anniversary, which left the town several hundred dollars in debt, clung loyally to old traditions, based the success of an annual fair upon patchwork and pumpkins, and rigidly excluded all traveling vendors and such tented attractions as might serve to turn the town's money into undesirable channels.

Martha Borrow, in the exhibit hall, mounted guard, not alone over the Prescott jellies and preserves, but also a glass case containing wonderful specimens of the Prescott needlework.

"Miss Confidence wrote home from York for them to be brought," Martha explained. "She hoped to get home by this mornin's stage, but seein' she aint appeared she'll be comin' tonight just too late for the fair. Yes 'm, Old Mis' Prescott, four generations removed, worked that samplar, and these pickles was put up by a recipe Mis' Noah Prescott brought out of the ark with her. You need n't smile, Barbara. You know as well as I do, that Noah's surname was Prescott. How come he in the ark unless 'twas so."

Barbara, a little thinner, but arrayed in a bewildering mass of muslin ruffles, hovered about the table and refused all invitations to accompany her young friends about the grounds.

"There's a gypsy camp down the road a piece and they want to go and have their fortunes told," Barbara explained, "but I think such things are silly and I don't care to go."

"Don't you go a step, Barbary," commanded Martha. "Those gypsies are a dirty crowd, who wanted to camp near the fair ground, but the selectmen put their foot right down. They're over the line in Cedartown, which unfortunately

lays close to Pineville at this point. Nathan Greeley told me about it himself and wanted me to explain to Miss Confidence. I expect she'll have a conniption when she learns there's only a stone wall between them and the Prescott wood lot."

"They say there's more than forty of them," continued a bystander.

"And a lot of dogs," added another.

"And children, which perhaps are stolen," said a third, clasping closer the chubby hand of a tow-haired urchin in a blue roundabout.

A tall young man, upon whom Martha fixed stern eyes, strolled past the table and Barbara turned quickly.

"I think I'll go now, Martha," she said hurriedly. "There's nothing more to see and there is something I have just thought of that I mean to do."

Martha looked after her with anxious eyes, which would have been more puzzled had they seen the girl turn, not homeward but up another street towards the Prescott house. All doors were locked, but Barbara made swift entrance through a basement window and mounted eagerly to the attic where she began tossing over the contents of one cedar chest after another.

"I don't care," she said with crimson cheeks.

The company of young people who went gaily down the road to the great boulder which marked the dividing line between the two towns found that only burned out camp fires and an unromantic collection of tin cans and potato peelings remained of the gypsy camp. There were loud expressions of disappointment, and the discovery of a single dingy tent among the great trees across the stone wall, was hailed with delight. It was tenanted, they finally learned, and negotiations with an aged female voice within were immediately begun.

One at a time they might cross the wall and gain admission to the tent, but only one by one. The woman who admitted each in turn through the closely curtained doorway of the tent, was by no means the greasy specimen common to the wandering companies which sometimes visited Pineville. Instead, the dim light showed the

erect figure of a young girl in gold and crimson, her long hair plaited and her arms decked with curiously wrought bracelets. From the chain about her neck there swayed a round stone of greenish hue, changing to purple in the faint light which came from a many colored glass globe upon the little table. The face of the fortune teller was veiled in gauze, through which two dark eyes glowed.

"It was worth seeing, if she had n't told you a thing," declared one young enthu-

siast as she came forth, yet the whole party went back to the fair ground a little subdued. Instead of the usual mysterious but delightful hints of love and marriage, the gypsy had given to each some pertinent information as to personal or family failings and warnings against disaster thereby.

Their report created interest, however, and all day pedestrians from the fair grounds found their way down the road to the tent among the trees. The vague air of mystery continued to draw, even though the most of those who came out had little to tell. A few there were who looked puzzled or awed.

Blunt Farmer Grey, who had the reputation of holding his purse strings tightly, sought out his faded little wife at the exhibit building to voluntarily suggest a new dress and a clothes wringer, though what the gypsy had said to him none ever knew. Old Dr. Blower came out with an inspiration which led him to declare that several serious cases of typhoid were the result, not of the dealings of Divine Providence, but of defective sink drains. Squire Jepson, wondering how any power on earth could have divined his course in the Blake foreclosure, determined to send the Blake heirs another hundred tomorrow morning; and more than one family reconciliation took place upon the fair ground that afternoon. Through it all, the mystery unexplained, deepened, until vague hints of superstition mingled with it.

It was nearly dusk when the first note of it reached Martha Borrow's ears.

"They do say it's the Prescott's Spanish ancestor come down out of her frame," whispered a neighbor. "Folks have thought all day there was a likeness to something familiar, and



DRAWN BY WALTER WHITEHEAD

It was The Spanish Ancestress.

now one and then another's beginning to place it."

"Where's Barbara?"

But Barbara had not been seen since morning. Martha hastened homeward in the gathering twilight. "Of course, it's all nonsense," she assured herself, "though I've wished it to happen with my own two lips. It's Barbary, I'm worring over. I do hope the child has n't gone and done anything foolish."

With the privileged freedom of an old servant, Martha unlocked the front door and passed down the long hall to her own domain. By the back parlor door she paused and stood still in dismay. The last rays of light streaming through the side windows fell fully upon the massive frame of the old portrait and a strip of blank canvas which it surrounded. The Spanish Ancestress had disappeared. Transfixed, Martha stood gazing until the light faded and the parlor wall was left in darkness. Then she walked unsteadily towards the kitchen, but before she reached it the back door opened and a slender figure wrapped in black lace floated in. Martha gasped, but stood her ground heroically.

"You'd better go back into your frame," she said shortly. "We're a respectable family, who have n't been used to any such carr'ings on as this."

The figure disappeared in the dusky shadows of the stairway and Martha went resolutely to the kitchen where she lighted two lamps and rattled the stove covers with much energy. A sound upon the back porch led her to the outer door. The light from her lamp fell upon a second draped figure standing hand in hand with a tall young man.

"Land alive!" exclaimed Martha in an exasperated tone, "is the whole cemetery coming back to supper?"

It was The Spanish Ancestress who turned towards her, Martha could have sworn, but the hands which clasped hers were neither painted canvas nor ghostly air, but warm and human.

"Oh, Martha," said a voice which sounded like Barbara's, "I'm not it, but it was she—the fortune teller, I mean. It must have been, because she told Roger such wonderful things about me which no one outside the family could have known.

And how we were meant for each other and everything was all a mistake."

"H-m!" remarked Martha. "Nothin' more 'n she ought to done, either. But I don't quite see what you're dressed up in them clothes for."

"I don't quite know myself," replied Barbara with a happy laugh. "I only had a sort of idea that if I went to the gypsies dressed as a Spanish princess they would have more respect for me and tell me a fortune I would like to hear. But when I came down stairs and found her gone and only the blank canvas, I was a little frightened and I did n't want to go. So I stayed here all day. I was sitting on the stone seat when you came in, but I did n't dare to speak, for fear of startling you. And then I saw it—her, I mean—come. And then Roger came, though how he knew where to look for me I don't know yet."

"She told me," replied Roger Blake. "Though, of course, you know, Barbara darling, I don't for a minute admit that she was a mere picture or anything but flesh and blood. Someone with an intimate knowledge of the family has played a trick upon us—bless them."

"Martha," called Miss Confidence's voice from the front hall.

"Land alive!" exclaimed Martha, "if the stage aint in and Miss Confidence come and not a blessed thing done towards supper. Come right in, children, both of you."

Miss Confidence met her niece in the front hall and seemed not to notice the draperies of which Barbara, with Roger's aid, hurriedly divested herself.

"We must n't mention it to her," the girl whispered hurriedly. "Martha agrees with me. She is so strong in her disapproval of such things it would never do for her to know."

Miss Confidence, herself, wore the soft gray silk again, and above the tea table, with happy glowing eyes, hung the Spanish ancestress.

"Miss Confidence," said Martha at Christmas time, as she stood upon a step-ladder polishing the portrait's frame for the wedding—Miss Confidence would not permit it to take place elsewhere—"this frame's just alike on both sides. S'posen'

'twas turned face to the wall with that back canvas facin' out 'twould look as if the picture was gone, would n't it."

Miss Confidence assented gravely.

"Though why anybody should presume to turn a Spanish princess to the wall is a mystery to me," continued Martha.

Miss Confidence made an effort to explain. "You are one of the family, Martha, and it is right you should know," she said.

"Our great grandfather's wife was not a princess but a Spanish gypsy from a roving tribe. She left her own country and eloped with our great grandfather in a fit of pique at her own lover, a deed she deeply regretted ever after.

"It was a great shock to me when I learned the truth from great grandfather's diary, and for a time I could not bear to look at the portrait. But I came to see that

the fault was my own for having presumed to pry into the secrets of the past. Yet I hardly know whether to regret the discovery or not. It deprives me of a revered tradition, but accounts for much I had failed to understand before. No doubt all the bold, forward, and unladylike conduct of which her descendants have oftentimes been guilty may be excused on the ground of ancestry."

Martha seated herself on the highest step of the ladder and gazed thoughtfully up into the pictured face.

"Yes, ma'am," she said, "I see. But somehow, she looks more human to me this minute than she ever did before. I guess she's sorry enough for all her mistakes by now, and I don't believe she'll ever bring unhappiness on anybody that looks like her again, s'nce she's had sense enough to come back an' break the spell."

Heroics or What?

BY PATRICK VAUX

Author of "The Voice of Battle," etc.

Evans Hallson, commander-lieutenant of the United States gun vessel, *Matacumba*, sat in her stuffy, after cabin, his elbows on the table and eyes fixed on the letter spread out before him. He had just come off the bridge after an arduous all-night watch as the patrol-vessel swung along the north-east coast of Cuba. But he had been unable to resist re-reading Helen's letter before turning in for forty winks.

"Good Heavens! It's easy enough to write, 'Prove yourself,'" he murmured, smoothing out the epistle, with its bold, slap-dash writing so indicative of her character. "If such a chance as the *Hudson* has had at Cardenas would only come this old tub's way.

"But, no gore—no girl, eh, Evans? I did n't think Nell was really hungering for heroics."

"Be my hero, then you will have your answer. But first, Evans, you must prove yourself. You see, I take only one view of what happens when you go into action, but I won't flatter you by saying

right out what that view is! Really, Evans, I adore strength, pluck, pertinacity—the overmastering, the martial instinct in man. You remember what I used to call you, 'Nidgettie.' You were always so shy and anxious, as a little boy. And yet, you went in for the navy! It has always struck me as a singular choice—I've let slip, I sometimes think of you. But, however did you manage to hold your own in your cadetship days?"

"Candid of her, at any rate," he muttered, a frown gathering on his face; "perhaps I am a white-liver. This war 'll prove more than my—

"What's that, Mershon?"

"Steamer standin' westerly, 'long in-shore. Mr. Jenks thinks she's one of the Spanish liners."

As the *Matacumba* ran down on Sama Point to intercept the blockade runner the sun arose above the gray and mauve horizon. It turned the gray-green of the waters into intense blue, and tipped the swells with gold. The green coast of Cuba lay plain to the eye, edged with

white surf. Far in the south-east the sugar-loaf of Pan de Sama and higher hills behind it climbed into the clear, fresh air.

Hallson gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"We've nabbed her," he exclaimed to his subordinate. "Fling a shot across her bows, and we'll hail her to heave to."

Crash went the bow gun, a lean, seven-foot monster. As its projectile fell short a little, a ball of whitish smoke broke from the liner's stern.

"Heavier metal than ours. Wide, though, very wide!" grunted the commander-lieutenant on her shot falling away off his port quarter. "A six-inch quick-firer, by the report. Ugh, she's headed straight for the shore," he added in disgust. "There must be a pass in the reef."

As he stepped back to take compass bearings of the liner's course, he wondered just a little if his face were very red. He felt uncomfortable. Getting in touch with the real thing at last, he told himself.

Helen's letter, snug inside his breast pocket, crackled as he leaned over the starboard bridge-rail to take a look at the depth of water, now the bright green hue of shoaling soundings. And he smiled grimly.

With satisfaction he marked the eagerness of his men standing at quarters, then turned his binoculars shoreward. The *Matacumba* pitched among the shortening swells. Hallson's short, square-set body swayed to and fro—swaying, indeed, like his fortunes, now touched by the hand of Destiny.

The chase had vanished up a creek, leading inland through a break in the rising grounds. Faint smutches of smoke showed her near a small town, a scattered mass of white blots, standing at the foot of the hills, that thrust themselves higher and higher against the pale blue heavens as the gun-vessel, now at half speed, held onward in pursuit.

Before the war she had been a deep sea tug. With her white decks, glittering brass work, and spotless upper works, the three-inch quickfirer on her forecastle, two six-pounders amidship, and a few machine guns, she now made a brave show. She was something, at any rate, of the

semblance of relentless pugnacity, swift in striking, tenacious in holding.

"Four-a-half fathoms alongside the reef, but no pass marked in the chart," was Jenks' report. "We'll go in on the bearings, she's given us? They'll be waiting for us. Sure."

Hallson looked enviously at the excited face and fired eyes of his subordinate. He was conscious of no such excitement! It came to him, he was going in after that blockade-runner because it was his duty—was work which he had to accomplish, and that thoroughly. Work, which he had been destined for!

"We'll go in on the bearings she has given us. They will be waiting for us," he repeated, a faint smile on his flushed face. "There is a report of the enemy being in force somewhere along this north-east coast, with a view to covering a base for their runners."

As the *Matacumba* slid out of the swells into the waters dashing in thunder upon the reef, she joggled about like a tub. No channel was visible among the confusion of boiling seas. Yet with eyes fixed on the leading mark, a hummock south-east two-a-half cables from the creek, Hallson drove her. Sheets of water and spray buffeted her, deluging the decks. The next instant, the *Matacumba* was plunging into the lagoon.

Over its crisp, sparkling wavelets lay the shore, about a mile distant, and screened by a thick jungle of mangrove, wild cane, reeds, and palmetto trees. Slowly the gun-vessel headed for the creek, her officers and look-outs vigilant, the quartermaster at the wheel and busy leadsmen in her bows.

Hallson threw a swift, inquisitive glance at the tall bluffs between which the vessel passed up-stream. Trees and matted undergrowths covered their acclivities wherever they could find a little earth and a crevice to root in. But it was the comparative quiet in the air that struck him as being ominous. Bird and beast both appeared to have been scared from the neighborhood.

"The devil only knows what's hidden up there," he muttered to himself, searching quick-eyed, quicker-eared for evidence of the enemy. "It's not mines and all

that, but the enemy massed in cover, that may knock us about."

His gun crews stood alert, whelps of war straining on the leash. The layer of the bow quickfirer murmured garulously to a unit of his squad who was anew inspecting defective firing gear. But many of the crew were on deck visibly affected by the feeling of hidden hostilities. Some were staring with frowning eyes at the near slopes. Some looked here and there, in seeming uncertainty, fidgetting about as if on hot plates. On the face of him on the bridge, in whose hands lay their life and death, was an expression hard, decisive, emphatic of will power. Malleable or adamantine!

Down the narrow creek the sickly inland breeze wafted a rank smell of rotten vegetable matter and fetid mud. Some alarmed water-fowl appeared to view, a few guanans on the trees, and an occasional alligator that, like a log of burnt timber, rolled off its bed of mud to splash clumsily into the water. With plodding engines the *Matacumba* shoved her nose up-stream.

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The American shook to the thudding of her guns. The tornado of death swept across her. On the forecastle the men of the three-inch quickfirer were cut down, all save one. Already the starboard six-pounder had been put out of action. Crash, came rifle firing in platoons from the underwood off the port beam. Dying and wounded cluttered her decks.

In vain Hallson tried to locate the batteries and riflemen—but their smokeless powder served them well. Not flurry, but fury that the enemy kept concealed possessed him. Inwardly he stormed at them. Outwardly he was the officer, apparently cool and collected, putting training and self-capacities to proof.

The gunner's mate, his left brow slit by a bullet and bleeding heavily, mounted the bridge. He saluted.

"Port Colt jammed. The six-pounder."

The next second, shrieking in agony he was writhing on his back, bullet-riddled.

The gun-vessel shuddered on, the enemy smashing at her. Her boats were beaten into ragged masses only held together by the mantlets of junk. Davits, ventilators, and smokestack were twisted and torn open as if by lightning. Bursting shell wrecked the charthouse, hurled the quartermaster against the wheel, and Hallson face down.

Staggering to his feet he reeled against the bridge rail. Torture lined his ghastly, livid face. To force the passage upstream was madness; with the enemy in such heavy force in her rear, the *Matacumba* would find herself in a trap.

At full speed astern he took her back into the lagoon. Desperate cries went up from his heart. In the rioting agony of defeat he would sooner have been kicking out in torture like the gunner's mate.

Though the batteries were still firing, in triumph, as it were, they could not command the lagoon, owing to too-narrow embrasures. But the infantry, shifting from cover to cover, maintained harassing fusillade, notwithstanding the storm of bullets with which the *Matacumba* searched the bluff.

Slowly she veered her head seaward. She plunged into the seething channel. Lips of sea foamed over her shambles. With throbbing nerves and reeling senses the commander-lieutenant held her up to the hammering swells. The next minute she was sliding out of their tumult into the open, smooth sea.

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Now it so fell that a certain U. S. A. cruiser was hurrying eastward, down the Old Bahama Channel. She came round the near westerly point as the *Matacumba* gained the open, and was identified almost immediately.

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It was with mixed feelings the commander-lieutenant saw her; relief that his wounded would be succored intermingled with bitterness of heart, with ravening thoughts, visions, of what might have been. The hideous clamor he forgot, the appalling dangers, the whirlpool of death, out of which he had managed to drag his vessel. It was only his failure which he recognized; his failure to go forward to victory over a despised enemy.

There came in a flash the disgrace—the scorn of fellow officers—court-martial possibly. Public comments—columns of journalistic abuse, accusations, insinuations; and all scanned, too, by Helen.

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“Yes, you were right to withdraw,” said the cruiser's commanding officer, after eagerly listening to Hallson's report. “I'd have done the same myself, if I had been in your place. The authentic information came last night about the enemy concentrating inshore there, with the intention of making a base for blockade runners; that's why I'm here. Did n't reckon, though, you'd be so soon along, and was to await your arrival on the scene. When the firing was heard it was easy to know what had happened; and my fear was, they had you trapped, and sunk. We cannot afford to lose a single gun-vessel. No! I think with you; though, of course, the admiral may differ; no boat reconnoitring would have drawn their strength. We'll whip them now, I guess, and get that liner. About your damages then—”

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burly of hostilities. Something that no sane mortal would enter upon. Yet the murrain of war had touched him. When Jenks, breathing fast through clenched teeth, grunted, "This time, it's hell for the Dagos!" he nodded emphatically in satisfaction.

Suddenly it came to him, it all was called forth by that which Helen averred she adored. These heights splashed with bursting shell, and wreathed in smoke, tinged here and there with the glow of burning brushwood, where flames singed the dead, and stricken wounded cursing God, were tearing at mother-earth with hands and mouth for shelter! And he himself was about to add his quota, ay, probably give his life in continuance of the War God's legacy—"the overmastering, the martial instinct in man," which Helen adored!

He smiled dryly to himself. How glowingly, convincingly, she had descanted to him, at the Frieschlers' dinner at Delmonicos, on the glory, the magnificence, the splendor of war and its moral mission; the purge of man and nation. Then he had had eyes only for her lovely cameo-like face, tinted so charmingly by the little rose color lamp-shades on their own particular little table. But now, it was the raw, red form of war itself that confronted him.

Just then the cruiser ceased firing; her bridge semaphore began wagging its arms. Straightway the *Matacumba* led the way into the lagoon. Then the *Washington's* steam pinnacle took the van. And this time the bluffs were silent.

How staunch the spirit which had kept frail men there in vain endeavor to answer the bombardment! The steeps now were ripped and jagged just as if the Almighty's thunderbolts had blasted them. Their crests, where had been the batteries, were pulverized into earth heaps studded with burning timber. But the smoke hindered further scrutiny, and made navigation more hazardous.

The precipitous sides of the creek narrowed as the vessels advanced. Suddenly the pinnacle disappeared round a bend. Her bow gun pealed out in the silence, to be followed by the wailing of automatic quickfirers. The next min-

ute, the *Matacumba* was on the scene.

A considerable stretch of water at the foot of heavily timbered grounds rising interspaced with patches of savannah up to the hills, on the south-east shore the little straggling town with a wharf or two, a couple of small gunboats moored alongside them, and about half a mile away the runner lying-to on the edge of the deep water—these were the details leaping across Hallson's eye. Drums and bugles, he heard, most lustily plied along the shore, and saw troops scampering into cover. Almost instantly the air was ringing with their bullets. A shot from the blockade-runner whistled overhead. The next instant, her deck was swept by the starboard guns of the *Matacumba*, that was slowly grinding past her port shoulder.

"Boarders away."

As Hallson jumped on the runner's quarter his men followed, cheering madly. But panic had taken the enemy, and some fled below and others tumbled overboard without coming to blows. Leaving a petty officer and eight men to secure the prize the gun-vessel headed for the town. Artillery was opening a hot fire from a large knoll—on which stood a whitewashed plantation-house amid bread-fruit and almond trees—half-way up the cane-covered slope behind the town. Two small pieces before the custom house facing the wharves were coughing out spasmodically at the pinnacle. She was busy; and already smoke and flame were arising from the outer of the gunboats. The other had hauled on her spring, and bow-on was hitting out at her. Suddenly it appeared she had done damage. Gushing steam enveloped the pinnacle amidships; she came to a standstill.

"Thunder, she's done for!" roared the *Matacumba's* livid-faced wheel. But who heard him!

Raking either shore as he went, Hallson took his vessel in between the pinnacle and the shore. A projectile of his smashed the breech of one of the wharf guns, its muzzle tilted upwards at an acute angle.

Some one amidships cried in great disgust, "They've tuk to the shore, cuss 'em!" And it was seen that the crew of the other gunboat were pulling like mani-

acs towards the further beach, out of the line of fire.

The shore, sparking crimson on both sides of the town, was a spitting, humming zone of rifle fire. The bullets splintered the *Matacumba's* woodwork, and found their billets, too.

Then a shell burst over the bows. At the crash, the gush of blinding red fire, Hallson instinctively threw his arm across his face; yet his eye had already registered the brownish-white smoke swirling down on the forecastle and the black figures staggering inside it. Half-stifled by the fumes he blinked at them. Uttering an oath he swung himself over the bridge rail, and ran towards the gun. In its rear, one of its squad was groveling on his stomach, the blood dripping from his tattered face. Another, almost eviscerated, lay insensible alongside the mountings, the death-rattle in his throat. Beside him, his mate, bespattered with blood and riven flesh, was sitting upright, tightly clutching his right arm to prevent bleeding to death.

On seeing his officer, he cried, "It's the guns on the knoll! It's the guns on the knoll!" Just as if the head of the ship could succor one and all.

Hallson shouted for men, and swiftly, carefully, trained the gun on the knoll. A bullet zipping between his right arm and side slit clothes and flesh like a razor. The stinging wound maddened him. He greedily inhaled the smells of powder, steam, blood, burning wood. The delirium of the fight had seized him. Everything became shadowy, except these belching guns on the knoll. Now he got glimpses of them behind their smoke, now they were hidden from sight; yet still their flash and throaty roar enraged him. Years, minutes, seconds may have elapsed before he fired! Time had gone from him.

Then grunting savagely he discharged his piece. His snarling mouth relaxed.

And surely, indeed, came answer—unexpected in its form. There was a

mighty, rending crash. A distracting glare smote the eye. The knoll emitted flame and ochreous smoke. Dust and earth, masonry, and human débris shot up like a geyser, and was followed by a thick, oily cloud. Hallson's shell, exploding just a little in the rear of the battery, had fired the reserve shell and ammunition.

He became aware that only some desultory reports broke the sudden silence, and ceased firing. A great joyous cheering filled his ear. With confused eyes he stared at the harried town, its burning and wrecked houses—at the knoll where gaped a shallow, irregular pit, the house now but broken masonry and stone chips. Then he saw his smokestack that was knocked to pieces down to the heater, the starboard side of the charthouse beaten into mere matchwood, the decks—

Jenks, his head bandaged with a handkerchief and left elbow in a sling, scrambled on the bridge, looking for him.

"We've whipped 'em! We've whipped 'em!" he crowed ecstatically.

"Yes! Whipped them—"

Hallson's reply came slow and grating, as if he were torn by conflicting emotions.

"Victory?" This then was the proof of himself, in Helen's eye.

These foul, slithery decks—the agonized dying and wounded—the untold horrors on shore—

Her deliberate choice, he told himself.

A strange thing happened, as ten minutes later the *Matacumba*, with the pinnace in tow, was crossing the lagoon, the *Reina Christina* ahead. Hallson took Helen's letter from his breast-pocket, where it had lain next his heart. Without looking at it he carefully tore it into atoms, and cast it out to the four winds.

"What's that?" said he to Jenks. "Yes, signal the cruiser the number of our casualties—"

"Human emotions," says Professor Von Durrstaub, "when raised to a great pitch, unconsciously take symbolism for their expression."

Red Hagan

BY CHURCHILL WILLIAMS

Author of "J. Devlin, Boss," etc.

Three strides put Red Hagan beside Petty, and his arm, in a backward sweep, sent the Englishman sprawling on the casting-floor amid a litter of broken moulds and sand. But Hagan never looked behind him. His legs were braced, his back bent over the end of the T beam which Petty had released, his hands gripped it, and he cursed the five men who, with tongs made fast, staggered under the rest of the load. When the beam clashed on the pile, fifty feet further on, Hagan slowly straightened his shoulders and wrung the bite of the metal from his fingers.

"You damn quitter!" he flung back at Petty.

Petty did not hear the taunt. At that distance he would have caught the words only if Hagan had bawled them at the full pitch of his lungs. There were noises, unceasing and mighty, the length and breath of the big open-hearth shop which made men talk lip to ear or signal with eloquent arms. But Petty had no need to hear the words. He knew Red Hagan, besides he saw his face. This last made him cringe and lie close to the ground, even while his fingers curled with the wish that they were around the boss pit-man's throat.

Then Hagan turned and came toward him, and Petty got up and put a sand pile between them. Hagan passed him without a look.

Chris, the first of the returning gang, was grinning. Petty fell in beside him with a scowl. But he brought his tongs along, and the next T beam was borne to the pile without flinch or stumble. So were half a dozen more.

Chris, as he scraped the sweat from his forehead with the edge of a palm, looked at Petty's feet and asked, "Vat y' limp'in' for?"

"What d' ye think? Did n't y' see me strike that iron? I'll have Hagan—" He bit off the last word, and his eyes narrowed.

But his limp grew worse, and, twenty minutes later, as a burly figure came around the corner of the nearest furnace,

one of Petty's legs doubled under him and he dropped to the ground. Then he appeared to see McBride, the foreman of the night shift, and pulled himself slowly to his feet with an air of shame. McBride stopped beside him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, nothin' much," said Petty, slowly.

"But I can't stand up right."

"Hurt y'r leg?"

"Yes, I—fell."

Chris laughed. McBride looked at him sharply. He knew there was something behind all this, but experience with Petty warned him it would be wiser to ask no more questions. He started to leave, then changed his mind.

"What's been going on here, anyhow?" he demanded.

Petty, nursing his ankle, did not answer. McBride spoke again. Petty refused to look up; his whole bearing declared that nothing was to be learned from him. McBride turned on Chris.

"I want to know what's happened, and I want an answer quick," he said.

Chris tried to edge out of it. He did n't know exactly, he said. But enough broke through the barrier of his unwilling speech to let the foreman into the story. McBride gave a disgusted look to Petty, and was half way to telling him to get to work and quit shamming when he reflected that Petty was not one to let the thing stop here. Unless placated, he would be doing half a man's work for the rest of the shift. And just now every ounce of every man's energy was needed; they were short of men in the shop as it was.

"Go on with your work, Petty," he said.

"I'll sj ak to Hagan."

Petty did not look up, but his lip curled. "Speaking to Hagan," meant but one thing. And, while this thing of itself was small return for the sting of that blow, it was a beginning. Besides, he had hopes that something would come of it. Hagan had the temper of a devil and was a fool under punishment.

McBride knew this as well as Petty did.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"You can't come in, Hagan."

but he never balked. He walked over to Hagan.

"You knocked Petty down," he said curtly. "I'll report you to Mr. Sever. If you lay hands on him or any other man again, I'll get you discharged."

He walked away, not waiting for a reply. As a matter of fact, he would have got none had he waited.

Hagan had a bar of iron in his hands. For a minute after the foreman left him he stood motionless, his jaw set, seeing red in the flood of light from an arc-light overhead. Then, with lightning swiftness, he raised the bar above his head and brought it down across the edge of a broken casting. Under the blow the cold iron wilted into a right angle.

"Got!" exclaimed Chris. "He tink it vas you, Petty. You petter get outter de vay."

But Hagan dropped the bar and gave not even a glance to the gang as he turned on his heel and slouched away to the nearest slag-pit. There he stood for ten minutes silent, staring at the molten flood which brimmed from the ladle. And no one wanted, no one dared, to go near him. Every line of him was cut out with for-

bidding distinctness by the intense light—the wide-spread legs, straining at the seams of the trousers, girt with a strap at the waist, the shoulders bulging the sweat-soaked undershirt, the bared arms with crooked elbows squaring out a mighty bulk. His head was lurched forward; the prognathic chin, the thatch of eyebrow which bridged the nose, the shock of sandy hair combed into stiff erection, gave an evil look to him.

Red Hagan in his lightest humor was no man to trifle with. He was boss pitman because he had grown up in the Sampson Steel Mills and had an arm as strong as his heart. He did a whole day's work every day that he worked, and from every man under him he got the most that was to be got. Out of some of them, indeed, he had been known to get more than they could give and stand up to the job; but this was counted small against him, for he never spared himself. He would have been something better than a boss pitman if he could have got drunk like any other man. But when he began to drink it was with all his might, and, for twenty-four hours thereafter, he was an animal to be shunned. Persuasion and threats

alike he heard in silence, and forgot. So, for years, by reason of what he did when he was sober, he had been forgiven the rest. Then Mr. Sever took charge of the shop, and there was a change. Hagan was called to the office, and came out of it silent and ugly. But six months went by, and his time card was still clean. It was a miracle.

Barney Scott, who drove the giant electric crane and looked at things from a height, said that Mr. Sever was a bigger man sideways than Hagan, and that Hagan had sized him up that day in the office and knuckled under. But Chris, whenever they talked of it, would wag his head and moisten his lips. "No, py chimminy," he would say. "It aint no matters of pigness wid Hagan. Dot Misher Seewer, he got un icicle in his eye, an' ven he tells you vat happens to you, you feels somet'ings runnin' down your pack-pones."

Just what had straightened out Red Hagan he probably could n't have explained himself. It never occurred to him that it might be fear; it seldom occurred to him to think about it at all. But now, fired by McBride's threat—a threat he hesitated to defy—the devil was aroused in him, and he brooded on his wrongs. For the rest of the night he spoke no word to anyone. His lowering eyes or a lunging arm gave his orders, and not a man who worked under him came within reaching distance if he could help it.

At the long deep blast from the big whistle at six o'clock he flung his coat over his shoulders and strode out of the yard, alone. The sun had not yet come up. A chill mist clung to everything. And Red Hagan's heart was hot and his lips were dry.

Two blocks from the yard of the works, on a corner of the street which flanked it, was a two-story building of brick, with frosted windows and swinging doors of rattan, above which hung a sign in gilt fresco. Red Hagan made straight for the place, and struck open its doors with a defiant blow of his fist. From behind the polished bar, Buck Gasset, in white jacket, paused in the act of sousing a tumbler, and took a long stare at Hagan. Then he thrust forth a professional hand and smiled. But, somehow, the smile failed to

warm his face, and, after he had set out bottle and glass, he reached cautiously under the bar and felt for the bung-starter.

Red Hagan scowled and paid no attention to the welcoming hand; with the bottle and glass, he passed through the half doors which opened into a small room in the rear.

Five minutes later the outer room swarmed with men, coats and dinner-kettles caught in the crook of an arm and Buck was busy shooting "schooners" along the suddy bar. Of Red Hagan's presence he said not a word, but thrice, when customers started toward the rear room, he called them back. The rear room, he explained, was closed for the day. When the last of the men was gone and the glasses were washed, he walked around the end of the bar and, in passing the little room, looked within. Red Hagan sat there beside a table, the bottle, half emptied, at his elbow. His back was turned on Buck and he did not stir.

At five o'clock that afternoon Hagan still sat beside the table. But, now, his body had settled forward on the chair, his shirt was open at the neck, his chin fallen on his breast. The second of the bottles before him was half emptied, and with every struggling breath which heaved up his chest it seemed as if he must strangle. Buck watched him for a minute, his own brow set in wrinkles, and once started to go in to him. Then he shook his head, and, reaching over, silently shot the light bolt into place. When he was back at his station he assured himself once more that the bung-starter was in a handy spot.

A few minutes later the first of the day-shift men at the works began to come in, and by quarter past six the place was chock-a-block. Buck's hands were full, and he had forgotten the rear room and what it held, when, above all the noise, he heard a laugh which whirled him around instantly.

Standing on tip toe, his chin over the top edge of the half doors, was Petty and, with arm bent behind him, he was signaling to any one who might chance to be looking to come and see. Buck started for the spot as quickly as his legs would act; but he was not quick enough. From within the small room came a shuffling sound,

the bang of an overturned table, a rush. A battering ram struck the half doors. Petty, turning to flee, was hurled back upon the floor.

For an instant afterward was utter silence. It was as if every man within the place had been smitten dumb. Then came a hoarse bellow of rage, the tinkle of broken glass, and—panic. Forty men trampled upon one another as they strove to get out of the room. The swinging doors to the street, torn from their hinges, fell upon the steps. The doorway vomited a mass of men, climbing over one another, pulling themselves forward by hands and feet. Behind them, in the haze of smoke and gas light, loomed a giant, his shirt ripped from neck to waist, and hanging in strips from his shoulders, a froth of beer clinging to his stiff red hair and beard; down his cheek a thin line of blood. In an upraised hand he brandished a flower pot, torn from the window-sill, its artificial bloom wagging from a broken stem. From his lips, curled in fury, poured out a stream of curses. And, again and again, he threw himself at the rear-most of the crowd, striving to override them by sheer weight and strength, and get at something just without his reach.

Wedge by the pack in the jaws of the doorway, fought for freedom the stunted figure of Petty, screaming with terror, his face chalky, his hands still clutching the beer glass with which he had struck Red Hagan in the face. It had been done in self-defense—nothing but utter desperation would have driven him to strike Hagan. But that mattered nothing now. Now, for Petty, it was escape or sudden death, and he knew it.

It was that which held him back that saved him in the end. Hemmed in by men, who, jammed shoulder to shoulder, barred pursuit, Petty at last was spewed out upon the pavement; and, from his hands and knees, sprang into a run which never slackened until he had put two hundred yards between himself and Gasset's saloon. Then he threw a glance over his shoulder, saw that he was not followed, and stopped. The men about the entrance of the saloon had scattered and were moving away. Only the gaping doorway, from which a flood of light streamed upon the pave-

ment, told of the rush that had just been. And through the doorway Petty saw what seemed to be an empty room.

A couple of minutes he stood looking and wondering where his enemy was. Then he rubbed an arm that had been twisted in the jam, and scowled. But immediately, at recollection of the beer glass he had smashed, the scowl became a grin. At all events, Hagan carried something on his face to remember him by. Hagan would not soon forget that. Abruptly he shot an uneasy look behind him. What if Hagan were following? But Hagan was not, and, hitching up his trousers, Petty went his way.

Back in the bar-room Buck Gasset bent over Hagan who was sprawled upon the floor. He lay with a cheek against the boards, and groaned, and did not move. But Buck never made the mistake of thinking that Hagan was badly hurt. He had seen many in the same fix. Moreover, he had small cause for sympathy. With broken doors and glassware under his eyes, and, in his mind, the fear of what this fight might mean to his business, he used no gentle methods with Hagan. His one wish was to get him out of the place without being seen. So, lugging his burden by the shoulders and prodding with his knees, he pulled Hagan to his feet and out of the door. Hagan, groping for any and every support, his head dizzy, his stomach revolting, made no resistance or complaint. Started with his face toward home, he lurched off into the darkness, feeling blindly with arms extended.

And so he progressed for the distance of a block.

Then he became aware of a man just under a lamp-post ahead, coming toward him. On him he fixed his heavy eyes, striving to steer a straight way and, for that very reason, lunged upon him when they were almost together. But the other man stepped quickly aside and passed, only to halt and regard sharply the back of Hagan's careening figure.

Hagan, dully aware that he was being watched, felt a spurt of resentment, and was half-minded to turn around. Then he weakened and kept on; for a sudden chill clutched his spine. It may have been that there was something in what Chris said of Mr. Sever's eyes.

There is a wide gate on the south side of the high board fence which surrounds the Sampson Steel Mills, and through this gate, twice a day, pass the two thousand men on the company's pay-roll. Beside the gate, day and night, sits a watchman, in front of a little glazed box which serves him for shelter in rough weather; and, when one can show his key to the time clock with the proper tag attached, it is a matter only of a nod, thrown in by way of courtesy, to enter or leave the yard, be the hour right. At all other times nothing less than a written pass will get one across the threshold either way.

A steady stream of men moved out of this gate at six o'clock on the evening of the day following the fight at Gasset's and a few late comers were elbowing their way in, when Jake, the watchman, his eyes marking down the flash of every key, suddenly stepped forward and thrust himself between two men. His arm barred the path of the one who sought to enter.

"You can't come in, Hagan," he said.

Hagan, balancing his towering bulk on his heels, refused to be pushed back. He laughed and at the same time showed his key. "It's all right, Jake," he remarked, and

dropped the key into his pocket, as if that settled it.

But the watchman did not budge. "That aint any good for you, Hagan," he said. "There's a special order against you coming in. I'm sorry, but—It aint my fault," he added. He had no relish for an encounter.

Red Hagan's brows drew down. He had timed his arrival to the minute, and had hoped to get through in the squeeze. But, if it was not exactly a surprise to him to be held up; nonetheless, held up he was, and held up with half a hundred men to see it done. His fists doubled; his impulse was to knock the watchman down. He could do it in a twinkling; and, as he knew, not one of those who stood by would dispute his way. But to what purpose? A telephone call to the office would tell them he had gone through. And that would be the end of it for him. His fingers loosened; he turned around and shoved through the crowd.

There was a field opposite; he climbed the fence and struck off across the heaps of refuse which littered it. He had no idea where he was going; he did not care. He drove blindly on—to get away from every-



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

There he stood, staring at the molten flood.

body. Fury had him in its clutch. His body burned. The neck of his shirt choked him; he ripped it away. A miserable sense of impotence twitched his muscles. He was filled with a desire to lay hold of something, anything, and rend it. He stumbled against a hummock, and cursed it. He cursed a light which winked at him from across the barren; he cursed the wind that played upon his face. And still he went on, across another field, threshing the air with his arms and cursing the more.

But nothing opposed him. No one cursed him in return. And soon even the sobbing breath of the mills was swallowed up, and silence fell. When he noticed this he flung his arms aloft in an excess of frenzy, and so remained a moment—standing, his face upturned, his teeth bared—then fell upon the ground, rolling over and over, driving his heels into the earth, with fingers hooking the sparse grass tufts and tearing them loose. From his swollen lips poured a flood of inarticulate sound. So he raged until even his giant strength was sapped, and he lay inert.

Slowly, a strange feeling stole over him. It was a feeling of something near, yet far away, of something without his experience, and surprise held him in its embrace. He lay upon his back, his eyes wide open, and, out of what had been blankness, there grew upon his vision a single star. It hung straight above him, brilliant, impending. It seemed to be watching him. Vaguely disturbed, he looked away. Then, in a new quarter, out of the darkness, leaped another star, glittering, observant; and held his gaze. And beside it grew another and another and another—innumerable tiny points showing themselves where before there had been none, waxing in size, mingling their radiance, until, nebulous and ill-defined, they stretched above him a vast shield of pale light which suffused him, drenched him, made him blink.

He remained motionless, his jaw dropped, wondering. Wondering at what? He did not know; at first he did not ask. All realization of himself effaced, he gazed above him and still wondered. But gradually, in his sluggish understanding, a question formed itself: How many were there of these stars? He tried to count. God! There were millions. And what space they

covered! He turned his head from side to side, trying to span their reach. And everywhere was the infinite arch of night, majestic, luminous, closing him in. Suddenly, the immensity of the thing overwhelmed him, and he pressed himself close to the earth. It was but a flash of comprehension, indefinite, without terms; yet his heart contracted and he was appalled.

He clutched at the grass. Its blades rustled between his fingers. It was tangible; he held to it tightly. The feel of it was good. So was the cool touch of the damp earth against his palms. He dug in a heel and braced himself. His muscles tightened, and the earth yielded. His heel gouged a great furrow, and he struck out again. After all, he reflected, nothing could resist when he pitted himself against it. The thought steadied him. He tore up a clod with a single wrench of his straight arm, and flung it away. He heard it strike the ground with a thump. Abruptly he laughed aloud, and sat up.

Across the fields he could see the twinkling lights of a row of houses. He knew them all. They were brick houses, two stories high, with a narrow alley between every pair, an alley always running with dirty water. Barney Scott lived in the third one from the corner, but it was dark now. Barney was on duty with the night shift at the works. At the works!—

Hagan twisted himself about. Yes, there on the sky was the glow from the open-hearth shop. And that thin pencil of flame which quivered high in the air came from one of the stacks. A shift of the wind bore faintly to him the sigh of the exhaust. He fancied he felt the earth tremble beneath the blow of a steam hammer. The works were in full blast. Very well he knew that.

Night and day they were running—every machine, every furnace driven to its limit, every man at his post. Every man? No, all but one. He, Red Hagan, who knew more about the work of the pit than any man of the two thousand, he who could set up a mould from banjo-bottom to riser, with never a hair's breadth opening in it—he was barred out—"fired," after thirty years of service. "Fired," and all because a man that he could crush with a turn of the wrist had laid down and kicked when he got the punishment that was good

for him! And now—? Now, that same man was in his—Red Hagan's—place. It could be no other way. Petty had been assistant to him. Now—!

Hagan leaped to his feet, and started across the field—running, his hands clenched. Wait, till he laid hold of Petty!

The thought of what he would do filled him with a consuming rage that left no room for other thought. It carried him at full speed to within sight of the yard of the mills. There a new thought struck him in the face, and abruptly he came to a dead stop. The gate was closed, and Petty was—two hundred yards the other side of it!

Realization of that fact was like a dash of cold water to his heat. But also it hardened his resolve, and it set to work such wits as he possessed. Get into the yard he had started out to do; get into the yard he would. There were other ways beside the gate. He sat down and thought it all out.

Fifty feet below him the fence of the yard made a sharp turn, and, for a short stretch, was in comparative darkness. He walked over to the place. The fence was of six inch palings, pointed at their upper ends and nine feet high. But this was the least of his difficulties. He stretched his arms above him, and grasped a paling in either hand. In a twinkling he had drawn himself to the top, and dropped on the heap of scrap piled against the fence. There he crouched and listened. He heard only the unceasing roar from the shops. He looked about him. On his left hand was the broad cinder road from the gate. That was the straight way, but also it was brilliantly lighted, and, though no one was on it as far as he could see, he knew it was not safe for him. Flanking it was a row of offices, low frame buildings, and, between these and the wall of the machine shop, a narrow path, now in heavy shadow. It led to within a hundred yards of the open-hearth shop. He decided to try this alley.

From among the broken iron he worked his way down, and, with back stooped, dived into the passage-way. A minute's cautious advance brought him to its mouth. There concealment came to an end.

Directly opposite was one of the big doors in the open-hearth shop. Across it,

again and again, he saw men pass, their figures silhouetted against the glare from the furnaces. It was but a short distance to the spot, but the intervening space was bare, and an arc light swung from a pole in its center. Besides, it was a common highway, and Hagan knew that his giant figure would surely be sighted if he tried openly to pass across it.

While he hesitated at the risk, from around the corner of the machine-shop three men appeared. Two of them pulled at the tongue of a hand-truck loaded with iron; the third pushed with his shoulder against its forward end. As the truck came opposite him Hagan bent down, and ran silently to its rear. On it he laid a hand, and, stooping, followed it to the shop door. There he stepped aside and slipped into the shadow of a pillar, hugging it close, his eyes half blinded by the sudden light.

To the right and left stretched the casting floor for four hundred feet, its surface littered with iron and scattered with flasks. Straight before him was furnace No. 3, one of six great blocks of brick, banded and braced with metal, their fires fed incessantly with interchanging volumes of gas, and before each furnace a semi-circular pit, lined with concrete, sunken twelve feet into the floor. Between Hagan and the furnaces moved men, clearing the floor, trundling barrows of sand and scrap, crawling out of darkness into the electric day and back into blackness again, bare-armed and bare-chested, sweated, smutty. To his ears came the familiar cry of "Charge up!" and, with a clang of iron, the door of a furnace port was thrown back. A flood of orange light flared out. It leaped into the faces of a little group of idlers near by, and they sprang into activity on the instant, casting additions to the charge into the furnace's maw—advancing, retreating, shielding their eyes as best they might.

Hagan looked hard and on every side; but nowhere did he see Petty.

He knew where Petty should be. There was a heat in No. 3; in another hour the melted steel would be ready to be "tapped"—drawn off. And it was here that Petty, as boss-pit-man, had his work before him. Hagan had seen the slag men, two of them, go down into the pit of No. 3;



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

Sent the Englishman sprawling on the casting floor.

and by the look of things he knew that already Petty had bungled his new task. The pit of No. 3 was covered with a crust of slag, when, long before this, it should have been clean, ready for the tapping. The slag men were trying to get chains under the crust to hoist it out.

Hagan craned his neck around the pillar, and peered toward the end of the shop. Far away he saw half a dozen men separate, and, in front of them, beheld the big steel ladle, slung by its heavy hooks, rise from the ground and come swinging up the shop, the traveling crane, forty feet overhead, dangling it at chains' length to the humming song of revolving drums.

But among the men who followed the ladle was not Petty. Neither was he among the workers who swarmed about a mould a little further on.

Then, around the corner of the nearest furnace, came the man whom Hagan looked for, and stopped at the edge of the pit of No. 3. His back was turned on Hagan and he was bent down, waving his arms at the men in the pit. Hagan's head sank between his shoulders, his muscles bunched; he gathered himself for a spring. But, even as he did so Petty ran around to the end of the pit, and dropped into it. And Hagan checked his impulse. Why he waited he did not know. He had only this thought: To get his grip on Petty, to hear him cry out, to smash him. And in the pit that might be done as easily as anywhere else. Yet, for all that, he waited, his lips set, his eyes fixed on the pit's edge.

The minutes went by, and the two slag men crawled from the pit. But Petty did not come out, and Hagan's bent legs began to cramp. He shifted his footing. Well, if Petty was not coming up, he would go down after him, that was all. He lifted his head.

And then it was that, for all the brilliance of the arc-lamps overhead, Hagan's eyes suddenly picked out a new spot of light. It was just above the clay tapping-spout which thrust itself over the pit, and it was very faint, a pinkish spot, not much larger than a silver dollar. Yet, on the instant, to Hagan, it was as if every other light had suddenly gone out. That tiny spot of color filled his whole vision, burned itself into his brain. For he knew what it

meant. The metal within the furnace had found a weak place in the wall, and was eating its way through.

The palms of his hands grew wet. He put out an arm to steady himself.

As he did so he saw that the spot had grown larger and clearer. Now, it was as big as a tea cup, its center an angry red. Mechanically, Hagan's jaws opened. But, even as he sought to launch a cry, from above him came a shout—the driver of the crane yelling a warning of what he, too, had seen, his voice with terror fining off into a shriek:

"Look out! No. 3's cutting loose! Get out of the pit! For God's sake run!"

With the last word, from the core of the bright spot on the furnace wall began to ooze a thin stream of metal, a bluish white dribble that ran down the wall, deepening in color as it ran, congealing in a slobber of dull red at its pendant end. Over and over this poured successive layers of molten steel, each heavier than the one before, thickening, distorting the whole, adding its portion of fire, until its point dripped into the pit. As the first drop hissed on the wet floor of concrete, the trickle from above ceased to be a trickle. A slender jet sprang into the air and fell in a curve, swelling in volume with inconceivable swiftness, so that now it was as thick as a rifle barrel, now as a man's arm—a gush of opalescent, boiling steel which droned in its march.

Then came a dull explosion, a shower of slag and, the stream was a torrent—a torrent of pearl and turquoise—pouring into the pit, sixty thousand pounds of metal behind it driving it out, a fan of red and golden stars marking its arch, a fountain of fire splashing from its point of impact.

From every part of the shop, men were closing in on the spot, shouting the alarm, crying for help. About the pit they made a semi-circle still shouting, asking one another what to do, calling for McBride, waving their arms with frenzy. For this was a thing they knew not how to handle.

It was through their midst that Red Hagan charged, his eyes flaming, and faced them. His voice rose in a bellowing order, and, by sheer fury, he beat down their uproar. There was an instant of silence. In that instant, from the pit of No. 3

came what sounded like a cry. It was very faint, yet it spun Red Hagan round on his heel. And as he turned he remembered: Petty had gone down into the pit; he had not come out.

Hagan bent an arm across his face to shield it, and searched the pit with his eyes. At first he saw nothing but the leaping metal and the wall against which it carved itself.

Then, at the bottom of the pit, cut off by the steel from the steps which led to the floor level, it seemed to him that a figure clung to the wall, clawing it, striving vainly to climb. A shriek which, this time, lifted itself above the drone of the discharging metal made him sure. Yes, Petty was in the pit. He was going to be burned to death. But before even he was touched he was crying out his cowardly heart. Hagan's blistered lips cracked in a snarl of disgust. Then, he leaped forward.

Close under the wall of the furnace of No. 3, as close to the spot where the steel vomited into the pit as he dared go, Red Hagan, his face pressed against the side

of the pit, his hands covering his neck, stood and waited. Petty he had lifted over his head and flung into safety upon the casting floor above. And, now, he waited on that little higher spot of the bottom of the pit which the spreading tide of steel would reach last. His shirt smoked on his back, an abominable pain smote him in the neck. But his jaws were locked.

The fumes of the metal began to throttle him. He felt his knees weaken—himself slipping down. His feet entered a bath of ice. Then—something struck him between the shoulders. It was a plank shoved over the edge of the pit. Instinctively he fastened his hands upon it, and was swung up! up!

The gate in the yard fence of the Sampson Steel Mills is wide; but the men who go in and out there now keep close to the right hand side when they show their keys. For the watchman who sits at the gate the day long finds it hard work to swing his big body into the roadway on crutches. And, besides, the first story told each newcomer is how Red Hagan lost his feet.

Valentine Timmons

BY WILBUR NESBIT

Author of "The Gentleman Ragman," etc.

Did you notice that fellow that went up street a minute or two ago, just after the noon mail was distributed at the post-office? The meeching-looking man with the frayed chin whiskers and pants legs, and the wen over his left eye, and the baggage check for a watch charm? Oh, you saw him? That was Le Roy Timmons, commonly and better known as "Valentine" Timmons, and what he went to the postoffice for and did n't get was a letter from Mille Mazetta Clarine, primer dong-sues and cantatreechy extraordinary, who is at present and has been for some time in parts unknown. And at the same time I'm willing to gamble that "Valentine" was afraid he would get a letter from one Caesar Brummles, who was one of the reasons why Mazetta Clarine is in parts unknown.

Of course there are plenty of other reasons why she is n't here—Timmons being to my mind one of the biggest reasons. You see, she was one of these women that love beneath their station, or at the wrong station, and discover it in time to get a transfer. It is n't often that we folks, who live out here in the classic simplicity of a town that is so near to nature's heart you can tell every time nature has a spell of *angina pectoris*—it is n't often we have the privilege of looking at a great, big, throbbing love affair, and seeing the wheels go round. For that reason the Clarine-Timmons-Brummles affair has been for some time the *une cause célèbre*, as is so feelingly remarked in the back of the dictionary, among us people.

This happened about ten years ago, before "Valentine" Timmons acquired



DRAWN BY FRED WOODS

"I take a long look at my bottle of 'Happy Hollow.'"

his disconsolate whiskers, before the wen over his eye got to impinging so much on the horizon, and before he assumed the appearance of a man who is always ready to jump sideways from an unknown danger.

Mille Mazetta Clarine came here one February with a patent medicine theater company that gave free shows and sold some kind of a remedy that was good for man, beast, or bird, and would cure anything from baldness to bunions. It was especially good for relieving people of whatever frenzied or unfrenzied finance they had on their persons. They caught me for one bottle, and I've got it yet. Sometimes, when I get specially reckless and feel like sending off money to some philanthropist who wants to give me ten thousand dollars a year in dividends on ten cent stock, I take a long look at my cherished bottle of Happy Hollow Indian Specific, and conclude not to. If ever I get to that point where I feel that I've just got to let go of my money or bust, I'll take a long drink of that Happy Hollow Indian roots and herbs remedy, and that may help some. You see, Mazetta Clarine, as I say,

came here with this medicine troupe. In those days, if you remember, it was considered an excellent idea to mingle your drama and your drugs whenever possible, and the present parts-unknown lady was the bright particular star of this company.

"Valentine" Timmons was younger then—ten years younger. He never was as young as he used to be, anyhow; always had that far-away, speculating look on his face. He was what the boys call "it" in every game that has a catch in it. Raised a pet, you know. Father died when he was little, so he never got the lickings that were rightly coming to him. His mother kept him in dresses until it was town talk, never had his curls lopped off until he was over twelve, and kept him practicing on the piano and taking singing lessons for a good while after that. So, you see, by the time he began to know he was alive, there was a whole lot of life he had missed. But there was one time he qualified as a voter, and that was at the grand finolly, or conclusion, of the Clarine-Timmons-Brummles episode.

Mazetta Clarine did a song and dance specialty with the troupe. She had those

big blue eyes, that remind you of somebody reciting, "Only Three Grains of Corn, Mother," and she wore her hair sort of random-like, flopping all about her face and getting in her eyes, and tangling and untangling in a thousand little waves and curls. When she was on the stage she was dressed in clothes that hardly cleared her knees, which was about as sensational as anything that ever happened here, except the circus riders, and they don't count. If Timmons had n't apparently won her hand and heart before she was here a week there would have been at least two sermons preached about her; and the editor of the *Palladium* had to sit up the night before his paper went to press, writing an editorial on free trade to take place of a letter signed "Constant Reader" criticising her performance. The communication to the *Palladium* was in type and in the form, but when the editor heard that Le Roy Timmons had induced Mazetta Clarine to leave the stage and make her home with his old maid aunt, Tirzah Timmons, he knew that week's policy of the paper must be changed quick. And he did not know of it until after the medical vaudeville performance Friday night, either, for at the end of the show the manager of the troupe stepped forward to make an announcement. The manager had long hair and a wide-brimmed hat and had just astonished the audience by shooting at fifteen or twenty glass balls from the amazing distance of ten feet with cartridges which we afterwards learned were loaded with fine bird shot—after this he stepped forward and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I regret that it is necessary for me to apologize for the absence of our famous performer, Mille Mazetta Clarine, who has charmed and delighted thousands of the crowned heads of Europe with her chaste and elegant song-and-dance specialty. However, it is with pleasure that I announce that henceforth she is to be in your midst, having resigned her position with my company and accepted the invitation of your honored fellow townsman, Mr. Le Roy Timmons, to make her home with his admirable kinswoman, Miss Tirzah Timmons. I might say that she is to be his valentine. Thanking you one and all, we

will now proceed to supply such of you as are suffering from asthma, weak eyes, rheumatism, falling hair, indigestion, hard of hearing, or any of the ills flesh is heir to, with our celebrated and never failing Happy Hollow Indian Specific, at the special, reduced, this-night-only price of two bottles for one dollar, in honor of what I may be permitted to hint at as the work of the little blind god, Cupid."

After the troupe went on its way we learned that the plan was for Mazetta Clarine to spend the summer with Aunt Tirzah, learning how to cook and do housework—she said she knew she would love to do housework—and later, in the fall, there was to be a wedding.

Now, just as the serpent got into Eden just when everything seemed salubrious, so did Caesar Brummles amble into town about a month after Mazetta Clarine abandoned the gay and giddy life of the stage for the peace and content of life with Miss Tirzah Timmons. As to Caesar Brummles: He was a tramp, that's all there is about it, although he did have some kind of a story about traveling on foot because he enjoyed the scenery. Did n't seem to have such a desire for scenery, though, after he struck a job at Wilpert's wagon shop. That was Brummles' trade—wagon-making. And he was a good hand, too, if he did have other traits that made him unpopular. Nerve! If the doctors were to have operated on him for removing his nerve they would n't have left anything but his eyebrows and teeth.

He kept pretty much to himself the first three weeks he was in town, until he got enough wages to get him some new clothes. But as soon as he could scrape together enough clothes to make him look all right he began to demand that he be admitted into the "400." Young fellow, you know; smooth face, wore his hair plastered down over his forehead, and always had a cigar sticking carelessly out of his vest pocket, when he was dressed up. He could out-talk anybody in town. Seemed like he had read everything, been everywhere, and seen everybody worth seeing.

First church social that was held after he got his new clothes, there he came butting in without ever being asked. Of

course, church socials being half-way religious, it was n't proper to turn the cold shoulder to him, or ask him to stay away, so that was how he got his first foothold in society here. He did n't overplay his hand, either—just chatted with the minister and said his sermons reminded him of Moody's, and told the organist that she played with the expression of the famous organist of Notre Dame—which rather shocked the organist, she being not altogether good of hearing. But when he explained to her and apologized for her making such a mistake, she concluded that he must have a mother somewhere, and introduced him to the members of the choir, who were to sing a few choice selections while the ice cream was being frozen.

Is n't it funny, that if a man can convince a perfectly strange woman that he has a mother somewhere she will begin to think he deserves attention? She sort of acts as if she thinks that her finding out that he has a mother somewhere makes a female Christopher Columbus of her. Mazetta Clarine was a member of the choir. She had been taken right in with open arms, as she sang high soprano, and there was n't any in the choir up to that time. It made five in the quartet, but it was an improvement. It was funny, though, when I first heard her sing in church. I kept looking for her to get out to one side and do a fancy step or two right in the middle of the anthem, and between you and me, she looked as if that was just what she wanted to do.

It may have been one thing, and it may have been another, but it was n't long until Mazetta Clarine and Caesar Brummles were the two most unpopular people in town. She could put it all over the home girls, you see, with her swishy, fluffy clothes, and her citified way of fixing her hair, and her talk of the drama—she always called it the "drawma." To hear her go on about the "drawma" you'd have thought that she had had Mary Anderson and Madam Modjeska and the Florodora sextet for understudies while she was touring the country with the glass ball breakers. Then, Brummles took too much of a fancy to her. Of course, nobody knew anything about him, but for that

very reason, and because he wore creases in his pants, and got shaved twice a week instead of only on Saturday afternoon like the rest of the boys, there were plenty of girls who thought he must be a nobleman in disguise. If I had my life to live over again and had a yearning for prominence I would rather be a strange man in a little town than run a trust.

But Brummles never let on like he noticed that he might be a favorite in society. He spent a good many of his evenings at Miss Tirzah Timmons' house, and "Valentine" did n't seem to get the shadow of an idea that perhaps Brummles was taking sufficient interest in Mazetta to be his rival. "Valentine" had the confidence in himself that comes through having been a spoiled child and having inherited a good deal of money. Furthermore, he was sure of Mazetta. Was n't she wearing a ring he had given her? And was n't she letting him lend her money now and then to provide her with things, she having sacrificed her large income as an actress simply in order to respect his opposition to a stage life?

What happened was as natural as water running down hill. One fine morning, Timmons' Aunt Tirzah came post-haste to his house—"Valentine" lived by himself in the old home—with a note that she had found pinned to Mazetta's pillow. The note said she never could thank dear Aunt Tirzah enough for all she had done for her, and that for Le Roy, she should always have feelings of the highest gratitude and respect. But she felt that she never could make him as happy as he deserved to be (which was the same as saying that he did n't have sense enough to enjoy life), and that she was going far, far away, and she hoped he would not grieve. He did n't grieve, but he worked harder trying to find her and get her to come back than he ever did to get her interested enough in him to marry him.

Also, simultaneously, and at the same time, Wilpert's wagon shop lost its best hand. Brummles had gone, too. He did n't leave any note of farewell. He was n't the sort that felt called upon to make a parting speech of any kind. But he was gone. So we put two and two together and in about ten seconds we figured that the two had



DRAWN BY FRED WOODS

The manager amazed the audience shooting glass balls.

eloped. It was a nine days' wonder, but at that time there was n't any too much sympathy wasted on Timmons. Everybody had seen how things were going for a long while, and of course, as it always is in cases of that kind, Timmons never knew how many things were going until they had gone. He spent a good deal of money on detectives and for advertisements in the city papers, but could n't get

a trace of Mazetta. Then he settled down to a quiet, resigned sort of life.

He always was a mild, meek, and gentle chump! one of these door-mat kind of men. Anybody could walk on him without asking leave; he would n't call for the police. So, knowing his disposition, we concluded it was n't hurting him much to have a broken heart. After he had simmered down, he seemed to be recon-



DRAWN BY FRED WOODS

"If ever two men were cemented by affliction, we are the two."

ciled to his loss. He really had n't lost so much. Mazetta had "borrowed" something like two hundred dollars from him, but the rest of his money was, and abided, with him, as you might say. The wagon shop got another hand—a tramp—a real tramp this time, round-shouldered and bald headed, without any leanings toward church socials and society.

One evening I dropped over to Timmons' house to sit out on the side porch with him and talk politics; me being a bachelor and he being a sort of 'twixt-grass-and-hay widower we could always find different points of view. It was one of these nice, calm evenings in the summer when the moon looms up like a red tub from the east, and the crickets and katydids scrape away on their fiddles, and the frogs in the mill pond tootle their flutes for all they are worth and make the whole world seem as big and hollow as the inside of a million dollar tomb. Mournful evening but pleasant, too, in its way. Timmons and I were sitting there, each of us cocked back on a chair against the wall and won-

dering what the country was coming to or going to, anyhow, when we heard some one walking up the path. Thought it was Lije Peters or one of the Dolan boys, so neither of us got up to see who it was, and the stranger walked around the house and stopped in front of us. You could have knocked me off my chair with a feather. It was Caesar Brummles! And a more worn out, distracted, disheartened, desperate man you never saw nor never will see if you live as long as Methuselah and don't meet anybody but folks that have had mortgages foreclosed.

Brummles looked at Timmons, and Timmons looked at Brummles. Le Roy's lower jaw dropped about two inches, and his pipe fell to the floor of the porch. You should have seen his face. I tell you, when something happens to shake the foundations of a life of infinite calm it generally hits a man hard. And Timmons was hit hard. I don't know how Brummles felt. It was his doing, though, and naturally he could n't seem surprised at seeing Timmons there.

"You!" Timmons finally said, in a husky voice.

"Yes. Who'd you think I was?" Brummles asked, trying hard to jerk his shoulders back and look spruce and natural.

"You—you— Where's Mazetta?"

"How should I know?" Brummles asked, beginning to perk up and be his old self. "Le Roy, she's served me the same as she did you."

"Served you the same as she did me?"

"Yes, Le Roy." You would have enjoyed hearing the brotherly tone Brummles worked into his voice. "Yes, Le Roy, she has cast me off, too."

I suppose "Valentine" Timmons came as near swearing then as he ever had before in all his life. Never knew him to swear but once, and that was afterwards. I

have n't got to that part yet, but I'm getting close to it. If I had known how the profanity was struggling in his insides I'd have volunteered a few remarks to help him out, but all I could do was to sit there like a gourd at a well and wonder what would happen.

"Le Roy," Brummles went on, sitting down on the porch and fanning himself with his hat, "we are brothers in misfortune. Both of us have been stricken by the hand of one we trusted—of one who, speaking for myself at least, of one we loved. I have come back to you for consolation and sympathy. I left here hastily, as you may recall, lured on by the laughing eyes and the smiling lips of that heartless creature, and when I got to Cincinnati, where I was to meet her, she had joined a new theatrical company, and



DRAWN BY FRED WOODS

(He was washin' up the dishes.)

she told me she had misinterpreted the message of her heart. She told me this, after inducing me to furnish her with all the money I had in order that she might secure a wardrobe to do her new act. Next time I sent my name in to her she sent word back that she was not at home. Le Roy, we are a pair of blasted lives. We must share our consolation and our sympathy."

Timmons let himself down to the floor of the porch with a thump and leaned forward and gaped at Brummles. Timmons never was very sudden about grasping the meaning of anything, and Brummles was too deep for him.

"Consolation?" he gurgled. "Sympathy? Why, you—I—you make—"

"Yes, Le Roy," says Brummles, "if ever two men was cemented together by the bonds of affliction we are the two. Look at you, left alone with your dream shattered; and look at me, worse off than you are!"

"Valentine" had begun breathing regularly by this time, and I could see he was rallying a little. If it had been me, I would have kicked Brummles out to the middle of the street long before that—and I had half a notion to do it, anyway.

"Caesar Brummles," Timmons said, sort of plaintively, "you have n't any right to look me in the face again. I never want to see you or hear of you any more. This is n't the place for you."

Brummles got up and braced himself against the post of the porch and looked sorrowfully at Timmons.

"Le Roy," he said, "have you got the heart to say that to me, after getting me into this plight? No, Le Roy, I have some rights. I may be a gentle, confiding, impressionable man, but I will not submit to being trod upon. I've come here to demand what is due me."

"What is due you!" Timmons gasped, setting back in his chair and jerking his head around to look at me as if to see whether I understood what Brummles meant. I said nothing. It was beyond me.

"Yes, what's due me," Brummles answered, getting bold. "You know well enough that if you had n't got Mazetta to stay with your Aunt Tirzah, and had n't let me be introduced to her, and had n't

let her wind the meshes of her deceit about my weak heart, she never would have made me believe she would fly with me. If you —"

"I did n't do anything of the kind!"

"If you had n't encouraged us," Brummles continued, not noticing the interruption, "and let us see so much of each other, and if you had n't sat in your Aunt Tirzah's parlor and told us how you liked to hear us sing duets together, I never would have fallen a victim to her wiles."

"Wiles!"

"Yes, wiles! But I've got my rights, and I'm going to have them."

"Your rights?" Timmons asked, bewildered.

"Yes, Le Roy. Here I am, broke, and broken hearted. Walked all the way here—sixty miles of bad roads and dust. Not a cent in my pockets, and no clean laundry. I'm going to live with you, Le Roy."

"You're not going to do anything of the kind."

"Yes, I am. You are a man of honor, and you are at fault in this. It was through you I am where I am and what I am. If it had n't been for you allowing me to be trapped by Mazetta I'd have been holding my job here the same as ever, and by this time I would have been one of the leading citizens. Now I'm out of a job, out of money, and out of home and friends. You've got to take me in and take care of me, Le Roy."

I thought right then was a good time for me to get up and go and give Le Roy a chance to whip him when there would n't be any witnesses and he could hit him with any inhuman thing that came handy. I got off my chair and said I'd be moseying.

"Why, this is Mr. Gatcher, is it not?" Brummles said, smiling at me and holding out his hand.

"Never you mind who it is," I answered, going on. As I went out of the gate I heard Timmons mumbling something, and then heard Brummles repeat in that confident, injured tone of his:

"Yes, you will, Le Roy."

Next morning I strolled over to Timmons' house, expecting to see some traces of a battle on the side porch, or in the side yard. There was n't any trampled

grass or broken rose bushes, and the chairs on the porch leaned against the wall as neat as ever. I sauntered on back to the kitchen, and—there was Brummles washing up the breakfast things with Le Roy drying them, while Brummles hummed that song and dance tune with which Mazetta had introduced herself to our beautiful little village! I don't often use strong language, but I swore all the way down town. Talked it over with several of the fellows, but they all said Timmons was his own doctor and if he was going to make a fool of himself we had no right to interfere with nature.

But I did n't let up with that. I got Timmons off to one side one day and talked to him like a Dutch uncle. He said some ways I was right, but then some ways it seemed as if he really was in the wrong, and anyway it might be best to wait a while and Brummles would get tired and go away of his own accord. Brummles was n't going to go away, though. He stuck right there. Made Timmons get him new clothes, and then he tried to get into society again, but this town is too small for a man with a big record like his.

Well, all's well that ends well. Brummles got too domineering. Thereby hung his finish. Timmons took to going about among the girls again, and Brummles objected. He said Timmons had n't any right

to think of getting married—that it was his duty to remain single and do what little he could to lighten Brummles' woes. This started "Valentine's" wrath a mite, and then one day he got a letter from Mazetta. It was written from away off somewhere, and said she had repented, that her running away was merely a bit of girlish frivolity, and she wanted to come back to dear old Aunt Tirzah, and would he send her a hundred dollars to pay her board bill and buy her ticket? Le Roy sent her the money.

Did she come back?

I wish she had. It would have livened things up a little about Timmons' house; but she did n't come. Like as not she needed another wardrobe. But when Timmons realized that he had been bilked again he took his spite out on Brummles.

It was along about middle morning when us fellows down here heard the awfulest racket that ever was, up there at Le Roy's house. And then in a minute here came Brummles breaking through the fence, and Timmons whooping along behind him whacking him with an axe handle. At every jump Brummles would yell and beg for mercy, but as they went past us and on down street you could see that "Valentine" Timmons, for the time being, was bubbling full of the stuff that heroes are made of. His eyes were blazing and his cheeks were white and he swung



DRAWN BY FRED WOODS

Whooping along behind him with an axe handle.

that axe handle as if it were a saber, with a man-size cussword at each stroke. Brummles fell down once, but Timmons fetched him one that lifted him to his feet and made him light a-running two yards further on. Le Roy abandoned the chase at the top of the hill below town, and stood watching the cloud of dust that concealed one large assortment of blasted hopes combined with a most amazing amount of noise. Then Le Roy came back into town

and went on up to his house and threw what was left of Brummles' clothes out into the alley and made a bonfire of them. I went over that evening and found him asleep in a chair on his side porch, with a worn out letter and a book of love poetry in his lap.

There he goes back to the postoffice now. The one o'clock mail will be in pretty soon. I suppose he is wondering what he would do if Mazetta came back.

The Terrier

BY LEE ANDERSON

Author of "The Dreamer," etc.

The Terrier walked down the aisle of the university chapel with head erect and eyes front. In his right hand was his sheepskin and in his heart was the joy of power. All the world—a foe that he must take by the throat and choke into submission—lay before him. Behind him was a life of thankless privations.

When the services were over, the Terrier walked out of the chapel alone. All of the other fellows were busy with their people; laughing, shaking hands, some even crying. But there was none but himself to be glad for the Terrier. Still, he did not mind. From the beginning he had been fighting alone and he could do it now. Since the first day he could remember; since the day the "old man" had pulled him from his mud pies and flung him howling into the little shack in Tin Can Alley, he had been alone in the world. The "old woman"—his mother—had hated him when she was sober and pounded him when she was drunk. The "Heavenly Twins" had stolen what few playthings he had, and the "old man" had beaten him for trying to get them back. But even then he had stood at bay, quivering with rage and the determination to conquer; even then he had been the Terrier, and the name given him by the "old man" had clung to him always.

When first he went to school he met with the same hatred and was just as isolated as at home. His red hair and freckled face were ridiculed; he was chased off to play by himself; he was pummeled

by the bigger boys. But he was the Terrier, and in him was all the restless energy of his canine namesake. He was ambitious and shook with vitality and the resolve to get ahead. He accepted the taunts of his fellows—and studied. Nervously, intensely, like the Terrier he was, he mastered the R's. Grade after grade slipped behind him. He was not a clever boy, but his wonderful energy drove him on. Where most children stumble and fall he waited, like a Terrier watching a trapped rat, until the rat was released; then he pounced upon it.

After school, he sold papers. In the street, he became even more alert, more the Terrier. He learned to fight for his rights and loved the fight for the purpose of it. He found that if one grabbed a bigger boy by the throat, he grew black in the face and stopped fighting. So he always grabbed things by the throat, and made a mental note that a foe was never whipped until he got black in the face.

One night the Terrier sold a man a paper. As he slipped a bright coin into his pocket, he noticed that it was heavy. He pulled it out again. It was not a cent, but a five dollar gold piece. In an instant he had caught up with the customer and, giving back the gold, received a quarter for his honesty. That night the Terrier handed his gift to the "old man" and told him about the incident. He was thoroughly pounded for not having kept the five dollars; and thereafter he knew better

than to tell things. Incidentally, he learned dishonesty, and from that time not all of the Terrier's paper-money was carried to the corner by the "old man."

So, with gibes and poundings, the Terrier came to his fourteenth year and entered high school. The "old woman" and the "old man" were for putting him to work, but he would not go. He had learned to grab by the throat—so he went to high school.

By dint of much working in a grocery store afternoons and evenings, he kept himself decently clothed and fed. By constant cramming he passed his examinations and stood one day in the auditorium, a graduate. But he had not yet reached the goal. Filled with the joy of success, he must forge on—further on. His Terrier vitality had carried him thus far; why not through college? He made his entrance, got a job as waiter in a boarding-house, and became a college man. That he might buy the necessary books, he swept out stores and fraternity houses for a few dollars a week. To pay for his clothes, he wrote college news for the *Evening Times*. Poorly clad and overworked, he pushed through the first two years.

Then the "old man" drank too much one night and died. The Terrier went back to Tin Can Alley and for a year he worked for the "old woman" and the "Heavenly Twins." Then the "old woman" died. The Terrier sent the twins to a Home and went back to college. A year behind his class, penniless and without work, he took up the thread of life where he had dropped it. With a constant grind, grind, grind he edged his way into the front rank. The professors called him an excellent example, the boys said he was a toady, and the girls never knew him. But he got along. His untiring energy kept his nose constantly on the grindstone and at twenty-three he was a candidate for a sheepskin. And there he stood, now, in front of the chapel, with the treasured parchment in his hand and with never a friend to greet him or pat his shoulder and whisper trite congratulations. He was still the Terrier, alone and at bay, but with the old ambitions and vitality, multiplied a thousand-fold, surging in his heart and driving him on—further on—to work.

With brisk steps he crossed the campus and entered his boarding house. He leaped the stairs three at a time and pushed open the door of his room. His books and his few clothes were already packed in a little trunk. His academic gown and his linen were thrown into an imitation-leather suitcase; he took one last look about the room to see that nothing was left and then hurried down the stairs. There was nothing that he loved there, and his only goodbye to college and that house was a gentle pat on the dog's head. Then he ran to the station, where he barely caught his train to the city.

His one thought now was to make money. He had climbed thus high, but the work was only begun. He would keep on until everyone who had kicked him should acknowledge his triumph. He had risen above Tin Can Alley; he would rise above the whole pack.

The next morning he was waiting for the Chief in the *Evening Times* office. A copy boy asked for whom he was waiting and a couple of reporters stared at him curiously. Even these, who had never seen him before seemed to hate the Terrier; so he was silent and waited. But he could not sit still. On his brain the click of the typewriters and linotype machines seemed to beat a constant tattoo of "work, work, work." The smell of the paper and ink went to his head and made him drunk with the spirit of the press. His hands twitched to write and every muscle in his gaunt body trembled with the excitement of the news hunt.

Finally the Chief came in, hung his coat on a peg, lighted his pipe, and drew up to the desk.

"Well," he asked, sizing up the Terrier, "what can I do for you?"

Choking with the fear of refusal, his heart bounding with the hope of success, the Terrier gave his name.

"Oh, yes," grumbled the chief. "Our university correspondent. And you've come to join the staff?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we don't really need a man; but I promised, so I'll give you a chance. The pay is small to begin with, you know!"

"Yes, sir."

"You'll get six dollars a week and you can begin right away."

The chief looked hard at the Terrier to see the effect of his announcement, but the boy from Tin Can Alley was used to such things. He flushed eagerly, thought about grabbing things by the throat, and answered, "Yes, sir."

Then the Chief called the Kid and introduced the Terrier.

"This is the new reporter; give him something to do." And so the Terrier became a cub and one of the staff.

For nearly a year he did the woman's clubs, church fairs, graduating exercises, and other work far beneath the dignity of a veteran. All of it he did with as much care, with as much nervous attention to detail as if it had been really important. Early in the morning and late at night he was about the office, eager for any assignment. His endurance and enthusiasm were sources of wonder to the whole staff and the quality of his work spoke much for the judgment of the Chief. Wherefore, at the end of the year he was given eighteen dollars a week and was made night police man.

But the Terrier was not satisfied—yet. His ambition grew with his success. Success meant money and all his energy was concentrated in the endeavor to earn more. He spent only what was absolutely necessary and spent that grudgingly. This made him unpopular with the staff. They left him entirely alone, sneered when he was promoted and congratulated one another when the Chief spoke to him sharply. Once again the Terrier found himself at bay. He seemed to have a genius for making people hate him and he came to believe that the world had a grudge against him. But he was a worker and the office liked him, if the staff did n't. At the end of another year he was earning twenty-five dollars a week and promised, one day, to become a star "crime" man.

Then a rich man was murdered and the murderer got away. Not a clue could be found and the city watched developments with bated breath. The crime had been discovered about an hour after it was committed and not a suspicious person had been allowed to leave town unexamined

since that time. The police were certain that the murderer was in the city. All of the papers got out extras and the full staff of the *Times* was working on some detail of "the big story." To the Kid, who was something of an amateur detective, was assigned the task of hunting clues.

All night long, the Terrier had wandered nervously about Central, looking over each crowd of suspects as they were brought in and questioning every officer. He fairly throbbed to get out of that dingy station and upon the trail. He knew every crook in the city; he was the very one to hunt clues; he could give the Kid a dozen tips if he wanted to. But the Kid hated him and he remembered about grabbing things by the throat, so the Kid got no tips. The Terrier would wait until his watch ended at eight o'clock, then he would begin a hunt of his own. At five minutes to eight "another man" walked in to take the Terrier's place and the latter, grimy and hollow-eyed, hurried to the office to turn in his copy.

"Pretty tired, eh?" said the Chief. "Well, you can rest now."

"Yes, sir," replied the Terrier—but he was thinking of a "joint" in the "Gulch" where he might get a clue. All that day he haunted the tough saloons, dope houses, and joints. He talked with every crook he met, but found no trace of the murderer of the rich man. Late in the afternoon, he walked into Red's Place and met "The Rat." Now it is the manifest destiny of a Terrier to shake a Rat and the *Times* reporter remembered again about grabbing things by the throat. He bought the Rat a drink and began to question him.

"Do you know the murderer?" he asked.

"No," the Rat replied.

"Remember! I know all about that little affair at the Queen's. Do you know the murderer?"

"Well, I know a stiff that did me for my wad once," said the Rat. "You might try him."

The Terrier's eyes lighted with an eager fire and his body quivered; he was on the trail.

"Who is it?" he asked anxiously.

"Not so fast, pal. Do you forget about the Queen's?"

"Yes, yes—who is it?"

"And do you forget who told you?"

"Certainly. Who is it?"

The Rat whispered something to the Terrier, borrowed a dollar, and advised him to get busy. With every muscle tense and every nerve on edge, the Terrier hurried into the street. He had him now; there was no mistake; the cause of justice and the ability of the Terrier were about to score a triumph.

At seven o'clock that evening the *Times* had out an extra: "The Murderer Caught; Great Feat of a *Times* Reporter." It was a scoop of the first quality. The Terrier was the pride of the office and the "Governor" personally informed him that his salary would thereafter be forty dollars a week.

For some time the Terrier was contented. Each week thirty dollars were added to his account in the First National. The Terrier was fast becoming a rich young man. He had once resolved to bring the world to his feet—and he had done it. He had grabbed success by the throat, it was getting black in the face and he was its master. But ambition was not yet dead. He must make himself a power in the office. Until then, even though he were tired, he must keep up the grind. All of his Terrier vitality was centered on the one objective point; he must become indispensable.

Then he met the Girl.

In all his life he had found nothing to love but money and success. Here was something else—something very, very, different. Almost in an instant his heart went out to her, and with all the force of his Terrier-nature he bowed down and and worshiped. But he spoke no word of his love. The Girl was rich—how could he, with a miserable forty a week, ask her to marry him? He would earn three thousand a year and then he would speak. Day and night he labored to get that three thousand. His energy knew no exhaustion. If he had been like a Terrier before, he was a thousand-fold more so now. Every ounce of his power was used to make money to win the Girl.

Each week he called upon her regularly and with each visit his love grew. But he would not speak until he had throttled the world, completely. Because the Girl

knew nothing of this ambition, she and the Terrier became great pals. They walked, read, and rode together. They came to talk of personal things—the Terrier's career and the Girl's hopes; until he felt that she, too, was waiting for the time when he might speak.

Dollar by dollar the Terrier pushed toward his goal. He sought the hardest assignments—and made good. The Chief came to depend upon him for the greater part of the big news and considered him infallible. Steadily and surely he forged ahead, and the three thousand became more than a goal of ambition. One morning the Chief stopped him as he was leaving the office.

"You have been a constant and untiring worker," he said, "and I want you to know that I appreciate it."

"Yes, sir," gulped the Terrier, a big lump in his throat and his whole body trembling with hope.

"Last night," the Chief went on, "the 'Governor' and I were talking of you. He is very well satisfied and so am I. Hereafter your salary will be sixty dollars a week. That is all."

"I—I—Thank you."

And like one in a trance, the Terrier stumbled out of the office and down the stairs. His face was flushed and his head was whirling. The linotype machines in the composing-room seemed now to be clicking, "Sixty Dollars! Sixty Dollars! Sixty Dollars!" Wherever he looked he saw the face of the Girl and his heart pounded with the joy of it all.

Scarcely knowing how he got there, he found himself waiting for the Girl in her home. Now he could speak. When she came down, he stood before her shaking. At first he could not talk. He felt as if he were choking, and when his voice came it was high-pitched and tremulous.

"I have something to tell you something. This morning I was promoted; it's sixty dollars a week now," he said.

"O—oh! Is n't that good!"

"Wait!" he commanded roughly. "For a long time I have been working to earn that much. I was toiling for an object. Now I may tell you that I love you. I could n't very well ask you to marry me on less than three thousand a year, so I

worked. Now I may speak. Will you be my wife?"

Wide-eyed the Girl recoiled as if he had struck her.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I can't—I can't. I don't love you. We've just been pals. I can't marry you; why do you spoil it all?"

The Terrier's face went white. He stared, open-mouthed and rigid. He did not seem to understand.

"You . . . you . . . can't . . . marry . . . me? Why, all these months that we have been . . . have . . . been so much to each other, you must . . . have . . . known. . . . I could n't ask you until now, but I have worked . . . just for you. All this time I have loved you . . . you knew . . ."

"No—no! I never knew. . . . I could n't. You never said. . . ."

"No, I never said anything; but you must have seen. You must! you must!"

His face was flushed. A bright spot burned on each cheek, his jaw was set hard, and his breath came like steam hissing through a crack.

"Think!" he said. "Think how I have worked. Each little success was for you; I always told you first; I brought everything to you. I never spoke, but could n't you see?"

"Oh, don't," she cried. "You hurt me. Do you think I would have let you go on if I had known? Do you think I would have intentionally misled you?"

"No, not intentionally . . . but I want you; I want you. I love you. I have never loved anything before—not even a dog. You have come into my life as the most wonderful thing I have ever known: You can't go out of it like this. . . . You must . . . love me."

The Terrier's old fighting blood was aroused again. Once more he was battling at bay. All his life he had had to fight for everything, and now he was fighting for his love—fighting as he had never fought before. All his tense Terrier-strength he put into this, the greatest battle of his life. He leaned toward the Girl, his eyes narrowed to mere slits, his teeth set, and his fists clenched.

"Will you marry me?" he repeated harshly, as if it were the end of the matter.

"Please—please don't ask me again.

Don't you understand? I can't. . . . I can't."

The Girl was near crying and her hands twitched nervously in her lap. "Please don't ask me again."

The Terrier rose and shoved his clenched fists deep into his pockets, as if to keep them from striking her. He was unnaturally calm and he paced once, twice the length of the room very deliberately. Then he stopped again before the Girl, facing her squarely. When he spoke, his voice was even, hard, seemingly unemotional; he might have been ordering his dinner.

"Down in the lower end of the city," he said, "in the heart of the slums, in a district which you have never known, which you can't even imagine, there is a filthy little alley littered with uncouth children, mangy dogs, and the refuse of scores of shacks. The police call it 'Tin Can Alley.'"

"In that street, among those dirty children, there once played a little red-headed boy. Heaven only knows what made him different from the others, but somehow he hated Tin Can Alley and the people who lived there. He longed for better things and he determined to fight his way out of the ruck. He fought himself through school and into college; he fought himself through college and into the world, and then he fought himself into an honorable position in the world. It was a hard struggle from the very beginning and when the boy from Tin Can Alley had raised himself so high, perhaps he should have been satisfied. But he was n't. There was a vague something for which he still longed; so he struggled on. Then he met a Girl, and in an instant he knew what it was that he had wanted—love, a thing which he had never known, a thing for which he was willing to give the best that was in him."

The Terrier stopped and the Girl stared at him, fascinated. She was beginning to feel how really powerful he was. She did not know about his grabbing things by the throat, but she did know that she was seeing for the first time the real, quivering, fighting Terrier. Then he continued:

"I need not tell you who that boy was, and you know the Girl. I have come to

you with the spoils of those years of fighting my way out of Tin Can Alley. You have refused everything. But I am not going to give you up. After struggling so, just for you, do you think I'm going to be thrown back in the hour of my success. You've got to love me; you . . . are going . . . to marry . . . me."

Again the Terrier was silent. His face was pale and drawn. He looked about the room as if he had suddenly awakened in a strange place. Then he laughed nervously and sat down.

"But I am not going to spoil our friendship, Girl," he said. "I want you to love me—not hate me. I may come again—as usual? . . . And I have a beautiful little Japanese print for you. Found it in an obscure shop on the east side. You must go down there with me; you will like the musty little place. Will you go?"

But the Girl did not answer. She was afraid of him now; afraid with a strangely sweet and thrilling fear. He seemed so big, so determined to make her love him. She wanted to cry. It made her angry to see him so calm, so apparently unmoved by her refusal.

"Oh, I hate you," she cried, and turned her back upon him, burying her face in her hands. The Terrier rose, laughing softly and tenderly, and bent over her chair.

"But you're going to love me," he said and took his hat and quietly left the house.

After that the Terrier saw the Girl, if only for a few minutes, each day. He took her flowers and books and odd little treasures which he found in the east-side shops. Together they visited the tiny picture store and a newly discovered restaurant: a place frequented by poor artists, explosive Germans, and anarchistically inclined Russians. After a few days, they resumed their long walks, their reading hours, and their intimate talks. They became almost as great pals as ever.

He seemed no nearer now to winning the Girl's love than in the beginning, but he was not the Terrier for nothing. Grabbing things by the throat had won for him before; it would—it *must* win this time. He had made himself necessary to the

Evening Times; he would make himself equally necessary to the Girl.

Then he stopped calling on her. He was very busy at the office, he wrote. The Chief had gone away and he had been given the desk for a few days. Would the Girl mind his not coming? The Girl read his note and tossed her head independently. Why should she mind? He was nothing to her. Of course, she liked him; he was an entertaining sort, but she could very well do without him. And so she walked and read alone. She missed him; missed him more than she cared to acknowledge even to herself, but her pride, the pride of long years of habit and training, kept her from sending for him.

One day she got a note from him.

"The Chief has returned," it said, and that was all. The Terrier had not asked if he might come, if she wanted to see him, or anything.

"The Chief has returned—" only that.

The Girl was hurt. Why had he not come to her instead of sending that note? Did he not know she wanted him? But she did n't want him, she told herself. He could stay away as long as he liked; she never wanted to see him again.

But she put on her prettiest white gown and waited—and waited, all that evening. The Terrier did not come. Then the Girl curled up in his favorite chair and cried; not because she wanted him but because she was offended. The next day she went to the little picture shop on the east side; there was a print she wished to get. But the print was gone and the Terrier was not there and the shop looked dusty and gloomy, and so the Girl went home and cried again.

Why did n't he come? Why should she lie—to her self. She wanted him, longed for him with every fiber of her being. She loved him—loved him—and he was gone. He had tired of waiting; he had ceased to care for her. She had been a fool, she told herself, and now she had lost him. She might have sent for him, but she could not. If he no longer loved her that would be too much humiliation. And he did not love her or he would come.

Then pride fell. She sent a note to the *Times* office:

"If the Hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the Hill."

Then she again put on her prettiest white gown and waited. Every step that sounded on the walk without made her tremble and every sound in the house startled her. Still the Terrier did not come. The afternoon waned and the evening came. The Girl could eat no dinner; she sat still and tense by a front window, and watched. The darkness fell upon the city and the Girl leaned her head against the window pane and cried—cried until she

slept the sleep of a heart-broken child.

At last the Terrier came. He walked quietly into the big, dark room where the Girl sat, sobbing in her sleep. The great battle was won; his life and heart were full, now, full to overflowing. For the first time since the "old man" had pounded him, down in Tin Can Alley, he was at peace with the world. He had fought long and hard and the reward was—this.

He went close to the Girl and took her strongly in his arms. "My Girl," he said. "My Girl!"

Science and the Cow

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS

Author of "God's Fool," etc.

The cow was slowly wandering across the sunlit field. She flicked her tail to and fro, as she munched the faded grass. Up here among the hills the food was not what a first-rate cow would order; this one remembered very different pastures not more than six weeks ago. But cows cannot state their wants, like human beings, and even when known, those wants, as sometimes with human beings, are scarcely attended to. The grass was the best that the neighborhood provided. The cow appeared to chew it contentedly, but that may have been a human mistake. At any rate she chewed it again. She was certainly unaware of the notice she was attracting. She chewed. And she stalked on, flicking her tail. There was grass, of a kind, to chew, and that for a ruminative cow, in a world of flies, is always something. It is said that they ruminate.

Two gentlemen were standing by the stile at the bottom of the field, intently contemplating the cow. One of the gentlemen was a young man in spectacles; the other, somewhat older, wore the habit of a country squire.

"Is she or is she not?" asked one of the watchers.

"Can't you see?" demanded the squire.

"Most certainly not," replied the doctor.

The cow lifted her head and munched.

"Well, she's consumptive, at any rate,"

laughed the squire. The doctor did not laugh. He thought the remark showed a levity bordering on drink. The squire looked a little bit ashamed and composed his face to meet the seriousness of the subject.

"The fact remains to be faced," said the doctor, "that your dear little daughter refuses to drink her milk boiled, as she ought to do."

"Yes—bother!" said the squire.

But the doctor corrected him. "It is functional," said the doctor; "a nervous contraction of the *trachea*. The poor child is quite powerless. In former days many a valuable life was sacrificed because of physical incapacity to swallow a pill."

"Dear me!" said the squire.

"Our sweet little Anna, then, is physically incapacitated from swallowing boiled milk, yet her constitution imperatively demands a quart of that nourishment *per diem*."

"Dear, dear!" said the squire. He would have liked to use some stronger word, but he only flicked his boot.

"Under the circumstances," continued the doctor, "the natural solution presents itself. Sterilize!"

"The cow?" asked the squire.

"No, the milk."

"Why, that's been tried," exclaimed the squire impatiently. "The child can't endure it."

"Quite so. Physically incapacitated again."

"That's no good," said the squire.

"Another means, of course, remains."

"Which?" demanded the squire.

"Pasteurize."

"Why, that's been tried!" shouted the squire.

"Quite so. Physically incapacitated again."

For a moment the squire looked at the

your only treasure—to the tender mercies of Nature?"

"My wife won't hear of it," said the squire.

"She is quite right," answered the doctor severely.

"But, good Lord! if the child must have milk, and can't drink it sterilized, pasteurized, boiled, or raw; then, how in the name of goodness—"

The doctor held up his appealing palm.



DRAWN BY ELLA DOLBEAR LEE

"The natural solution presents itself. Sterilize."

doctor, as if some idea of mental incapacity were floating through his kindly, bucolic brain, but soon he reassured, with a lurch, his respect for the science of which he knew nothing.

"Then," he said a little ruefully, "the child must just drink her milk as nature sends it to her."

The doctor—whose name was Tott—lifted up hands of scientific horror. "Nature!" he repeated, "my de-ar sir! A poor blind purveyor of microbes! Would you expose your dear little daughter—

"The resources of science," he said, "are infinite. Have you never heard of Hoch's *Tuberculinum*?"

"The stuff that does n't cure consumption? I should rather think I have. We were at Wiesbaden that winter when the whole hocus-pocus got known. The fearful winter of '90 it was, and all the poor invalids started off for Berlin and died on the way!"

The doctor half turned aside, with a hand still uplifted that now had become deprecatory. "Oh, well, well!" he said.

"And those that did n't die, could n't procure any when they got there."

"I don't remember about that," said the doctor.

"And if they did procure it, it did n't do them any good."

"But it has an effect on cows," said Doctor Tott.

The cow looked around at them and slowly winked.

"It may not cure anybody or anything," said Doctor Tott, "but it gives a cow the fever."

"Well, that's something to be thankful for," said the puzzled squire.

"It is indeed, for by its means we can ascertain whether a cow has tuberculosis or not."

"And cure it, when it has?" said the squire.

"Oh no," said the doctor.

"H'm," said the squire. "Well, what you mean, I suppose, is that if we can make sure the cow is perfectly healthy, then the child can safely drink her milk raw?"

"Exactly," said the doctor.

"But typhoid?" ventured the squire.

There is no danger of that up here. There is no risk of anything but tuberculosis, and Hoch's tuberculine can settle that."

"Then give her—the cow, I mean—a pill today."

The doctor drew himself up, huffy all over, at last. The poor squire stared at him. "I am not a veterinary surgeon," said Tott with dignity, "and it is n't—given in pills."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said the squire.

"I will communicate with the proper person," continued Tott, "and the proper person will make the necessary investigation in the proper way."

"Quite so," said the crestfallen squire. "Which vet would you recommend? Keene? I have frequently employed Keene. Good chap. Has picked up a lot of desultory information about horses."

"I have nothing against Keene, but I should advise a younger man," replied Tott. "One of the men from the College. Veterinary teaching has wonderfully improved during the last ten years. It is now

fairly scientific. Say Larkin. I should recommend Larkin, from Lyme. An intelligent investigator is Larkin."

"What? The young man with half the alphabet behind his name? All right," said the squire. "And you think this cow will do?"

"I am no judge of cows," replied Dr. Tott. He looked impatiently at his watch. The squire's wife, full of her own complaints and complainings, and of those of her spoilt little only girl, was the doctor's best permanent investment, but there are limits, and the jolly, easily puzzled squire, who never even needed a powder, was not a sympathetic subject anyway—at least, not to Dr. Tott.

Old Keene, the horse-doctor, got on well enough with the squire and had even given him a couple of hygienic hints for himself, which proved by their success how much the constitutions of all animals have in common. Dr. Larkin, looking up, recognized this fact. Dr. Tott, looking down, denied it. Denied it, in spite of vivisectionism. "A cow is a cow, and a man is a man," said Dr. Tott, triumphantly. "Not Doctor Larkin, I think."

Mr. Larkin, then, stood looking at the cow, with the squire, as Dr. Tott had done. The cow yawned. Dr. Tott was not there, and Mr. Larkin breathed freely. He was a smart-looking, bright-faced, young man, with a little yellow mustache and well-fitting clothes. He had to look horsey, so he wore gaiters, and scientific, so he wore spectacles, to his own lasting regret and his young wife's, but he had to, because of Dr. Tott. He had brought the tuberculine and the syringe, and so, under the interested eyes of the squire and the contemptuous eyes of William, the cow's intimate attendant, he inoculated that quadruped—more contemptuous than William and less interested than her master—with an injection under the right breast.

"Now," he said, "we shall have to see if her temperature rises. Forty-eight hours sometimes elapse before that takes place. During the next three days I shall therefore come over from Lyme four times a day to take her temperature."

"Whew!" said the squire. He was wondering, not from the pecuniary, but from

the comically puzzled point of view, what his little daughter's scientific cup of milk was going to cost.

"Four times a day!" he repeated, "all the way from Lyme! That seems a lot of trouble."

"Science," responded the vet almost in the same accents as the doctor, "does n't ask about trouble. It demands accuracy. Science is accurate, or it is not."

"Yes, oh, yes!" said the squire.

"And therefore, in the intervals between my visits some trustworthy person must apply the thermometer. I presume you are—ahem—to be trusted, my man."

"No, sir," replied William, alarmed, putting both hands behind him.

"What the devil do you mean?" asked the squire.

"I'm not to be trusted with that thing, sir," exclaimed William in a frightened voice. "I don't understand about it—no, I don't sir. And if I popped it in, and it did n't come out again, sir, and Miss Anna was to find the glass in her milk, and they do say as that silver stuff inside is poison, sir, and I could n't be trusted to do it, and I never was good at figures, and please, sir, I don't understand no more about it than the cow."

"Hold your tongue, stupid," said his master. "The doctor'll show you how."

"It'll be difficult," said the vet with a superior smile, "but I'll do my best."

"Nonsense," said the squire, frowning good-humoredly, "you've been to school, William, and learnt all these things, as all you people do now-a-days. Why, Mr. Larkin, all the Board School children in the cities, that never saw a cow in their lives, learn the technical names of its three stomachs and what the three stomachs are for."

"Four stomachs," said Mr. Larkin, and his superior smile grew transcendental, "the *rumen*, the *reticulum*—"

"Yes, yes," said the squire again, quite hastily. "I belong to an older generation than William, and I must say I don't see the use of those Latin names, not even for me, and certainly not for the future factory hands. Now be attentive, William. Good day, Mr.—" and, whistling to his dogs, the squire walked off.

"You may call her stomachs what you

like," said William to the vet, "it don't make any difference to her."

Mr. Larkin looked at the quiet young farm-hand, with the healthy, simple face and wondered that in a world of sagacious animals human beings should be so dense.

"This," he said, "is a thermometer. You're holding it wrong side up."

"Lor—I beg your pardon!" cried William.

"Oh, it does n't matter. If you let it drop, it'll break!"

"Lor—will it?" cried William.

"Look here—let me have it again, please. These are figures!"

"Are they? I never was great at figures," said William, shaking his yellow head. "At school master always said: 'William, you can't ever take care of number one.'"

"The squire said you were to try and understand," cried Larkin.

"So he did," answered William contritely. "I do hope it won't hurt my cow."

"What's her name? Here, Molly! Polly! Bright Eyes!—" The vet started after the retreating quadruped, who had evidently come to the conclusion that the whole proceedings, including the prick, were derogatory to her dignity and who now marched off, her nose well up in the air.

"Her name is Sweet William," replied the cow's faithful care-taker with conscious pride, as he prepared to follow his charge. "Miss Anna christened her so herself. She said it was her favorite flower."

Not long a ter, when the vet had departed, and William sat pensively contemplating the little glass tube, six year old Miss Anna wandered into the field, with her faithful attendant, Carolina, in her train. Miss Anna's mother had often suggested that there were pretty flowers to pick in more eligible quarters, but Miss Anna, whose early taste for botany must on no account be crossed, stoutly maintained that no such buttercups were to be found anywhere as in the field where the cow was, whither Carolina therefore carefully conveyed her about the time that William came peeping over the stile.

"What bosh it all is," said Carolina, as William explained about the cow.

Her swain grinned from ear to ear.



DRAWN BY ELLA DOLBEAR LEE

"My dear little Anna is better but the child wants strengthening."

"Is n't it 'strordinary," he said, "for a man like master, that's had school learning, to be so superstitious as that! He really believes it, too," said William, shaking the yellow head, "believes the vet can see if the creature is ill or not by putting this little—oh, Lord, I nearly dropped it!—tube in its mouth."

"Sweet William!" said Carolina, in accents of rapt adoration. She did n't mean the cow. In fact, she had advised the selection of an appropriate appellation for the quadruped so that she might innocently discourse to Miss Anna of the biped all day.

"Do you know what missus said to me this morning, William?" continued Carolina. "'It's you,' she says, 'that puts the child's back up against the sterilized milks. Master'd never have thought of that.' 'And it's true, ma'am,' I says, 'and I can't help it.' I don't say anything, but Miss Anna sees as I could n't drink them myself. And I could n't. Pah, the smell! But, 'boiled milk,' says missus, pah, the skims!"

"I wonder," remarked William reflectively, "what 'll they do with the poor beast,

if the vet says she has got his tubers!" His fresh face grew suddenly dark red. "That fellow shan't dispose of her, if he does say so. I can see through his little trick. Taking her off master's hands for a song and disposing of her to the butchers at Lyme. Oh, no, Mr. Spout," he added viciously, "she's the best of the lot. She sha'n't go to the butchers, in any case."

The good-natured squire, who always, especially after a vehement "No" did what his dependents advised him to do, was at this moment thumping with the handle of his riding-whip, in a frenzy of excitement, at the doctor's dispensary door. At every thump his mare squirmed aside, to the terror of the small boy who held her. "Whoa! Whoa, my girl!" The doctor came out.

"Good Heavens, Tott," cried the squire, perspiring, "my wife has just told me that she's eliminated, no—what the dickens is the word I want?—elicited from Carolina that she's let Anna drink twice—on two—several occasions—of the cow's milk—Sweet William's milk—it's the cow's name; Anna gave it to her—raw! Raw, Tott!"

"It is frequently not fatal," said the doctor.

"I don't mean that. What's done can't be helped. But, if we were to find out now—now, Tott—that Sweet William's got what d' ye call it?—tuberoses—we should n't know another happy moment—not one of us! I must shoot the beast before Larkin comes back—shoot her!" The squire stamped around. The mare described vast semi-circles on the doctor's gravel. The little boy bumped about like a ball.

"There's no cause," began the doctor, and his voice—and the smile of his spectacles—were balmy, "for anxiety. Even if the cow should show symptoms of tu-ber-cu-lo-sis, there would be no cause. At present, science is quite uncertain whether tu-ber-cu-lo-sis can be communicated from an animal to man."

"Huh-h-h?" said the squire.

"There is an influential opinion that it cannot."

The mare gave a bound: the little boy flew.

"There is another that it can."

"Whoa!" cried the little boy.

"Both may be right."

"Huh-h-h-h-h?" said the squire.

"Or neither," said Doctor Tott, closing the door, as politely as he could, in a farewell bow to his interlocutor. Tott was very busy at the moment. When the impatient visitor flew at the door, the doctor had been half way through with a roaring ploughboy's jumping tooth. In a country practitioner's experience that sort of thing lasts long. And when he is interrupted it lasts longer.

The squire rode home musingly. But he was n't any clearer by the time he alighted in his own stableyard. He is n't any clearer today. Nor is the faculty.

All the same he heard with satisfaction from William that the thermometer had n't stirred. "Leastways, I did n't see it do it," added William cautiously. Presently the vet came bicycling in and careered with the rest of the party after the retreating Sweet William, thermometer in hand.

"However," repeated the vet, "we can say nothing with certainty for the next forty-eight hours. Of course, no one must touch her milk, cooked or otherwise. Throw it away!"

"Of course, sir," said William, with a mild wink in his mild eye.

Thereupon he threw it away on the various farm-servants and gardeners.

But two days later, as the squire and his wife were entertaining a large circle of guests who had dropped in to tea, the footman appeared with a very portentous face and announced that a gentleman was anxious to see his master.

"Gentleman? Who? Oh, not now," said the squire.

"Yes, I think my dear little Anna is better, but the poor child wants strengthening. If only we could get her to drink boiled milk—"

"Why don't you try sterilized? My sister-in-law's little girl—oh, no; now I remember, it was my cousin George's dead wife's grandfather—"

"He says it's very important, sir," ventured the footman.

With a half impatient shrug, the squire went into the entrance hall. "Oh, it's you!" he said. For Mr. Larkin stood there. No wonder his auspicious mien had impressed even the footman.

"I am truly delighted to be able to inform you, sir," he cried in triumphant tones, "that the—the cow presents absolutely no symptoms of tubercular infection. She may be declared sound!" He relished this statement so much that he repeated it. "Declared sound."

The squire, who had been far more worried than he dared admit to himself about the past drinkings, if not about the future, ran back and threw open the drawing-room door.

"Adelaide," he cried, "the cow is sound!"

"Oh, I am so thankful! So grateful! Yes, as I was saying the pasteurized milk loses all its best qualities (so the papers have been telling us), and boiling—"

"I boil," said the clergyman's wife.

"But now, you see, the cow is sound. And the vet—"

"This is Mr.—Dr. Larkin—ahem!" said the squire. The doctor stood bowing in the doorway. All looked at him with much interest; they were quite a numerous party and all of course gone on hygiene, the attempt to keep their rather useless

bodies a little longer than otherwise undead.

"We are so grateful to you, Dr. Larkin!" cried the unbalanced Adelaide. "I feel that you have saved my daughter's life!" There was a thrill. The vet blushed, had a cup of tea, agreed that the weather was hot for the time of year and departed. In the hall he said to the squire (while they were hunting for his hat, which he had left in the drawing-room): "It would be advisable to renew this investigation every three months."

"No, no; for the present we shall specially reserve this one cow."

"That's what I mean—examine this cow. She is perfectly healthy now, but of course she may become infected tomorrow."

"She may?" The squire stood aghast. "Why, then if you wanted to make sure, you ought to examine her milk every day and not drink the milk on the day of the examination."

"Well—yes," said the vet.

"And that seems to you reasonable?" asked the squire discreetly.

"Perfectly reasonable. But we can be contented with approximative certainty."

"My wife won't be."

"The risk of infection is small up here." Somebody had brought his hat. He stopped on the steps. "Of course the person who milks her must be perfectly healthy—that goes without saying. Else—"

"Else what?"

"I could not be responsible for the consequences."

"Is it certain that the infection passes from a man to a beast—"

"Koch says 'Not,' but Klausen says 'Yes.'"

"Hang Klausen. William's healthy enough. Oh—Good Heavens!—he had a very bad cold last winter."

"Did he cough?"

"Yes, he coughed a lot. His old mother fancied he was going off in a decline."

"You had better send for Dr. Tott at once," said Larkin, getting on to his bicycle.

The squire ran after him down the drive. "Could n't you—inoculate—William?" he gasped. The vet hung on his bicycle. "No good with human beings," he cried.

"But William is such a great calf!" almost sobbed the squire.

The vet felt that in matters scientific such levity approached nearly to drivell.

The squire went back to his wife and abused science, but she pointed out to him how easy it is to condemn what you don't understand. One lady was busy praising a new condensed milk for infants.

"But the nourishment is insufficient, I understand," she said, "after their fourth year."

"I always boil mine," said the clergyman's wife.

On this evening, of all evenings, little Anna elected to be fretful and to demand the raw milk which had been surreptitiously supplied to her, before all this rumpus began, by her reprehensible maid. "I daren't now!" cried the distracted Carolina. Next morning a messenger was sent post-haste for Dr. Tott, who affectedly grumbled, *sotto voce*, up to the library door and entered with a perfunctory smile. The squire and his wife were there together, solicitude written in every wrinkle of their brows.

"Oh, doctor!" cried the lady.

At that cry of faith and need Tott relented. He beamed on the pair.

"Little Anna won't touch her boiled milk," sobbed the mother.

"But I hear that Sweet William is all right!" cried Doctor Tott.

"It is n't Sweet William now; it's William," interposed the squire hastily. "You must find out at once, please, that William has n't got what's his names, or he'll be giving them to the cow."

"Has n't got what's his—"

"Yes. Auscultate him, doctor,—that's the word, is n't it? Let's go and find him at once—" The squire ran for his cap.

"I can auscultate him as much as you like," said the doctor coldly, "but that won't enable me to certify him free from tuberculosis."

The squire stopped in the doorway. His face went quite red. "Then, what in the name of all that's reasonable will?"

"Nothing will. Science has n't got as far as that yet. We shall in time. Meanwhile Hoch's *tuberculine*—"

"Enables you to say that a cow's milk

is harmless on the day when you may n't drink it!" burst out the squire.

The doctor took no notice. "I advise you to choose a man who has n't had a chest attack. William was certainly bad last winter. He seems all right now."

"Of course he's all right. What am I to say to him?"

"Oh, Horace, best make sure," put in little Anna's mamma.

"You can say that he's not"—a happy thought struck the doctor—"not clean enough!"

tain," replied the squire crossly. "Well, I've thought out what I can do about William, and I daresay I'll find my man. There William goes—hi, William! How's the cow?"

"Doing beautiful, sir. She's given a pailful of cream this morning."

"You're hyperbolic, William, but that's neither here nor there. I wanted to tell you that I've been planning for some time to give you the under-keeper's place and the cottage, now that old John's dead."



DRAWN BY ELLA DOLBEAR LEE

"The kids that 'll turn up some day."

"Oh, I say, I can't do that. A smarter farm-hand never stepped."

The squire walked out at the window; the doctor, at the lady's appeal, followed after him. "I can't be such a brute as that," said the squire with rueful countenance, striding away towards the paddock. He waited for the doctor to catch him up.

"If we get a man who's never coughed, we shall be all right?" he asked

"As far as human certainty goes, yes," said the doctor.

"I thought scientific certainty was cer-

"It's very good of you, sir, very good indeed."

"Well, what more?" The squire always, in his good temper, investigated his servants' feelings too far.

"I was only thinking, sir, I should be a bit lonely at first. My mother could n't leave the others, and I should n't think, of course, of taking away Carolina from Miss Anna."

"No, you must n't do that," said the crestfallen squire.

The doctor had hung back; he now came hurrying up; they were close to the paddock.

"Why!" he spluttered, "Why! Why! There's another cow in there with—how's that?"

"Yes, sir, you see, sir, she was lonesome after all the fuss there's been about her," said William smiling. "She was lowing so I put another in with her last night, when it was all over, to keep her company."

"To keep her company!" shouted the doctor. "To infect her." He turned to the squire. "You can begin the whole thing over again," he said.

"Oh, blow it!" said the squire. He said the whole three syllables out loud, and he was n't sorry afterwards, in William's presence.

Without exchanging another word, the two gentlemen retraced their steps. The doctor thought the squire was a very ill-tempered man. Really, almost his best quality was his invalid wife. That lady stood waving a paper from the terrace before the house.

"A letter from Mary," she cried. "She was talking to me yesterday of a wonderful condensed milk in jars. It appears that it does wonders."

"Deleterious," said the doctor. He was a kind-hearted creature, but he would gladly have devised mediaeval punishments for these amateur proposers of remedies. With a leap he reasserted his medical position.

"If you really abandon the idea of raw milk," he said, "and you know that I never advocated it, then there is a new German method of de-bacteriolizing, which leaves the taste."

"And the strength?" queried the squire.

The doctor glanced at his patient's yellow face. "And the strength," he said.

"Then why did n't you tell us before?"

"Because dear little Anna insisted on having her milk raw. And, besides, this is quite a new thing. I only read of it last week."

"Heaven be thanked," said the squire.

"If only the child's nurse is reasonable about it," remarked Doctor Tott.

"We must see about that," said the squire.

"Far be it from me to interfere in any

way," persisted the tormented Tott, "but has it not occurred to you, madam, that the nurse's authority over our little Anna is almost too—too preponderating? The dear child sees with the maid's ears—eyes, I mean, and tastes, so to speak, with her tongue. Is there no danger that a mother's sweet guiding influence be—I would not say, undermined?"

Anna's delicate mother sat up with astonishing rapidity. "You are quite right, doctor," she said. "The same thought has occurred to me. Carolina had better go. What a man of discrimination you are!"

The squire, ere the last sentence had been spoken, was already out of the room, hunting up Carolina. He called her away from little Anna's box of bricks.

"Carolina, you like to drink your milk raw," he said.

She eyed him out of the corners of her eyes. She had heard of Sweet William's good health.

"Oh, the little I takes, sir," she said, "but it's Miss Anna—"

"Yes, yes, I know. Now, look here! There's a new milk coming. If Miss Anna likes that—you understand me—I'll give William old John's cottage and his place. If she likes it; you understand?"

"I understand, sir," said Carolina, her eyes on the floor.

"And if she likes it awfully, there may be some bits of sticks, odds and ends that we don't want—to help furnish that cottage, Carolina."

"Oh, sir!" said Carolina.

But the squire had taken himself off. Best leave his words to sink in.

"Poof!" he said, and again sought the fresh air.

"How about Sweet William, sir?" said Sweet William's namesake, softly, at his elbow.

"Take her away!" cried the squire. "I never want to hear her name again! Carry her off! Make whatever you can for her! Dispose of her, William!"

"My beauty," said William, with his lips to the cow's ear, "I'll dispose of you. Your milk won't give me the tubers, nor Carolina, nor the kids that 'li turn up in the cottage some day."

The Unscareable Girl

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

The tennis courts were yellow ponds. The golf links were a Sargasso Sea. The club house gazed gloomily over a landscape of puddles like Noah's Ark on the first day of the Deluge. The gutters gurgled and rattled with the floods cascading down the many gables that were the pride and joy of Henry Phillips, the young architect who had designed them. Within the haven of refuge was utter desolation and boredom. Bridge was played out. Poker was taboo save on a few stated occasions of license. Some of the marooned members were letting off a little of the steam of suppressed energy in imaginary drives, to the endangerment of woodwork and bric-a-brac. Others were listlessly sipping high-balls, without thirst. All were smoking more than was good for them. Two or three, giving correct imitations of "Mabel, little Mabel with her face against the pane," were expressing the consensus of opinion by swearing pathetically over a ruined holiday.

Who, then, shall blame or wonder if they, at length, fell victims to that last infirmity of masculine minds—gossip? For gossip they did, even like unto a conclave of old hens over the latest brood of chicks. Worst of all, they drifted into a free discussion of their sacred associate members, who were presumably safe in their respective homes, consuming novels and bonbons, doing fancy work, writing sixteen-page letters to their dearest friends, or (wildly improbable suggestion!) perhaps helping with the housework.

"Where's Edith Wycherly these days? Anybody seen her lately?" asked little Bob Terhune by way of starting the ball a-rolling in a new direction.

"I have," answered Frank Kenneth, the lawyer, curtly, after a brief pause.

"Great girl, is n't she!" went on Bob, enthusiastically. "Just escapes being a fine girl—thank heaven!" he added devoutly, a "fine girl" signifying, in the bright lexicon of that youth, one whom the average male may set upon a pedestal and honor and obey, but cannot conceivably love. "Knows an awful lot: science, his-

tory, literature; reads two dead languages and half a dozen lives ones; simply juggles with the higher mathematics—and never talks about any of it. A good sport, too. Does everything a girl can do, and does it mighty well. And it's all through that quiet self-confidence of hers."

"That's it!" grumbled Henry Phillips, "it's just that same 'quiet self-confidence' that's going to get her into trouble some fine day. She has altogether too much self-confidence. It comes pretty close to recklessness. She takes risks no girl has any business to take. She has n't learned what danger is. Some day, I hope, she'll have a real, good, old-fashioned scare—the kind mother used to make—and then, perhaps, she'll behave herself."

"Scare!" blurted Frank Kenneth. "You could n't scare that girl with a ton of ghosts or a whole regiment of mice! See here, boys, the story's on me, but I want it understood that the drinks are not, because you'd never hear of this if I did n't tell, as I know she'd never whisper a word of it. Terhune asked if anybody had seen her lately. Well, I did. Last Wednesday afternoon."

"Grierson had asked me to try out that leather-mouthed brute of his, Black Ben, and I was scattering gravel along the Sea Gate Road at a great rate, when who should canter up but Edith Wycherly on Kentucky Jack, that long-legged reformed racer her father is so proud of."

"Why, she does n't ride!" exclaimed Terhune, incredulously.

"Does n't she?" asked Kenneth, sarcastically. "Then I'm going to see a specialist on mental disorders."

"Oh, she rides all right, all right," chuckled Webster Mindil, the California engineer. "She asked me to teach her last week, and I gave her a couple of lessons. Never saw anything to beat it. Did n't have to tell her a single thing twice. Nothing on hoofs will ever throw that young lady."

"Then," said Kenneth, witheringly, "now that we have corroborative testi-

mony to that effect, let it be assumed that she can ride. So we cantered along together, and what with chatting about this and that and giving her points on horsemanship I forgot to watch the four-legged devil I was astride of. Naturally, as soon as he saw his chance he took the bit between his teeth and ran away with me in cold blood.

"I had n't felt so absolutely helpless since I learned to walk. If you knew the horse you'd understand. He simply owned me, and there was n't anything for me to do but to sit up, hold the reins, and try to look as if I liked it. As a matter of fact I did n't much care at first, because there were no carriages to blunder into; but all of a sudden it was borne upon me that the road ended in a fifty foot cliff two or three miles away.

"Just as I was wondering whether I could throw the thick-necked brute in an emergency, I heard a clattering behind me, and, looking over my shoulder, I saw Edith Wycherly, tall and slight in her riding dress, coming along on that big racer like—like a tooth-pick in a gale of wind. As she drew alongside she bent and reached one hand toward my bridle.

"Don't! Don't!" I screamed, fending, for the heavy black chunk of viciousness that was taking care of me would have dragged her from her saddle in no time.

"She nodded and straightened up, and for about a mile we tore along, neck-and-neck. I don't think I ever enjoyed a nice girl's society less. All of a sudden, 'Now, catch me if you can!' I heard her call, and away she bounded ahead of us.

"Black Ben was even more surprised than I. He had been laboring under the comfortable delusion that he was the only thing on the road. But he was n't going to take any stuck-up Kentucky nag's dust, not he! So he pounded after as hard as he could put.

"We were now no more than half a mile from the cliff. Just ahead, to the right, was Stimson's fifty-acre field, fresh-ploughed and lying fallow. The bars were down, and before I had guessed what she was up to, Edith's big racer had left the road and was leaping over the furrows.

"Of course my ambitious colored friend followed under the impression that

he was doing something fine and fancy in the way of cross-country running; but before he had finished experimenting with three hundred yards of deep-ploughed, heavy loam, he began to recollect that he was n't as young as he used to be, and that maybe his sire was n't an out-and-out thoroughbred anyhow; and by the time we'd traveled half way across he was at a dead stand, puffing like a gasoline motor, while I was explaining to him with a riding-crop just what I thought of him.

"Well, when we were out on the road again, I thanked Edith as decently as I could, because there's no use denying that she had helped me out of a situation that was threatening to become dangerous. 'Still,' I said, 'Miss Wycherly, for your own sake I must tell you that you should n't have dreamed of trying to stop my horse.'

"Why, I was n't trying to stop him!" she answered, making her big brown eyes still wider.

"Weren't trying to stop him!" said I, 'then what in Bucephalus were you doing, riding alongside?'

"Oh," she said in that funny drawl of hers, 'I like to ride fast, and I can never get anyone else to go real fast with me. Really, I ought to thank you. I've enjoyed our ride so much.' Yes, she's a splendid girl, sure enough, but Phillips is right. I'm afraid she's booked for a bad accident some day. She has n't learned what fear is."

"Count me in on that proposition," said Fred Stanwood. "Summer before last a party of us, after picnicking in the woods on Little Gull Island, were rowing about the bay in the hoopless wash-tubs they call 'boats' in those parts. Edith Wycherly was in my tub. We had just decided that it was time to pull for the railway station and had pointed the bow of our laundry-machine accordingly, when down came a nasty black squall, and up leaped the white-caps. We were within a hundred yards of the island and, say, a mile and a half from the mainland.

"I guess we'll have to miss this train," said I, backing water with my right and pulling with my left so as to turn and make for the island again.

"I guess we won't," said she, backing

water with her left and pulling hard with her right so as to keep headed for the station.

"But this is a real, live squall," said I.

"I'm going to catch the 5:30 train," said she.

"Miss Wycherly," said I, seriously, 'really I must n't allow this. You don't realize the danger. I'm going to pull back to the island.'

"Sorry," she said coolly, 'for I'm going to row my half of the boat across the bay.'

"Now you know it is n't healthy to row a boat two different ways in a squall, or to carry on joint debates in a hurricane, so what was a fellow to do? You can guess what this fellow did. It was something like coasting off Hatteras in February, and something like crossing the English Channel almost any old time. But we caught the 5:30 train, all right. We were a few drops wetter than when we started, but we caught the train, and we were the only members of the party that did catch it.

"You may be sure that all the way home I was laboring to show that girl the error of her ways, and that I made just about the impression that a piece of cheese makes on a diamond.

"But I had to catch the train, you see," she kept saying. 'It was perfectly safe. No boat will ever upset as long as you keep your head and quarter the waves properly, and I knew I could trust you to keep your head, Mr. Stanwood.' Now, what can you do with a girl like that?"

"She has a sweet little way of putting things, has n't she!" laughed Dick Cunningham. "One hot afternoon last summer I went out for a swim at Quantogue Beach; and as I came up after a long fetch under water, puffing and blowing like a grampus, who should I find playing mermaid all by her lonesome 'way beyond the breakers but the same Edith Wycherly. Now I don't care how good a swimmer a girl may be, she certainly has n't any manner of business to be out that far, and alone, too; so I said to her, 'You'd better come inshore with me, Miss Wycherly.'

"She looked at me, still panting hard after my underwater swim. 'Oh, I'm all right, Mr. Cunningham,' she said.

'Never mind me. You can go in, if you want to.'

"Not without you," said I, with laudable firmness.

"She hesitated a moment, heaved a little sigh of regret and resignation, and swam in with me without another word. Now, knowing her reputation for what we call independence in a girl and pig-headedness in a man, I was a bit proud of the influence I seemed to have over her—but not for long. Soon afterward we met at a beach party.

"Remember that time beyond the breakers, Mr. Cunningham?" she asked, laughing.

"Sure," said I.

"Well, do you know," she went on, 'you were breathing so hard I thought you could n't swim very well, and that's the reason I came in with you.' How was that for an ornamental letting down? But it's true. She certainly does need a good scare for educational purposes."

"Honest, now, I would n't say that," demurred Terhune. "She always knows just what she's about. Anyhow, I'm bound to stand up for her at any and all times after what happened this January.

"You see, I'd just come from a long Western trip, and as there was n't enough to keep me decently busy in the salesroom, one fine cold Tuesday morning I picked up my hockey skates and ran out this way to try the ice on Hallett's pond. Being as how it was a working day, I was the only thing in trousers within hail, unless you would count in a few very small boys in knickerbockers, but there was Edith Wycherly with a full line of girls, all in short skirts and basket-ball bloomers trying to play hockey.

"Did I get into the burlesque? Just. With both hands and all four feet. First I showed 'em a few little wrinkles in stick-work that I'd picked up in Montreal, and then I volunteered to keep goal while they practised shooting.

"It was dead easy to stop anything they could send in, and I was a star goal-keeper until Edith instead of trying it straight from the front like the others, lifted a nice little one on the bias, a foot

from the ice, that passed me clean as a whistle.

"I chased the puck toward the end of the pond. Say! you fellows ought to put up signs where they've been cutting ice. How's the confiding stranger or innocent bystander to guess where the thin spots are? The first I knew—crack! kerswosh! I was up to the neck in the coldest water south of the North Pole, gripping the edge of the ice like a scared kitten.

"But your young friend Edith? Did she flutter round and squeal for help? Did she rashly and heroically rush in where a fool had dared to tread, thereby taking large sized chances of joining me in an ice-watery grave? Not much!

"She held back the other girls, quickly gave them proper instructions, skated cautiously to within ten feet of the hole, lay down on the ice, and then slid up close enough to reach me the business end of a hockey stick. The next girl held onto her ankles and so link by link they formed their chain and pulled. Luckily I don't weigh much, and though the ice sagged pretty dangerously, I managed, with their help, to crawl out without breaking through again. Gee! but I was colder 'n a snowman in a blizzard! But when I was safe on solid ice I could n't help seeing what a funny situation it was; a sort of reversal of things as they should be.

"L-l-ladies,' I chattered to the sympathetic congregation, 'you are my -n-noble pup-pup-pup-preserver! Will you all b-b-be my b-b-b-b-b-brid-e?'

"No," said Edith, solemn as an owl. 'We won't be the b-b-b-b-brid-e of any man who does n't know enough to c-c-come in out of the w-w-w-w-wet.'

"And they hustled me off to the nearest house and saved me from pneumonia.

"Oh, yes, she has a good, clear head and sound judgment, right enough, but I would n't call her reckless."

"Humph! You would n't, would n't you?" burst out Phil Maynard, the impetuous. "Well, if you'd seen her as I did in bicycling days, putting her little feet on the coasters and zipping down every one of those lovely hills between Yonkers and Tarrytown, with a loose chain-guard that by the most transcendental luck

did n't swing into her wheel and throw the chain from the sprocket, until she was riding slowly along a level stretch: if you'd seen that, I think you'd vary your adjectives a trifle! And I could n't, for the life of me, make her admit how inexcusably careless she'd been in not making sure that everything was secure and shipshape before starting! She's the child that does n't dread the fire because it's never been burnt. One real, good scare is essential to her health, but I don't see how she's going to get it before something happens." And he shook his head ominously.

"The opinion of the meeting seems pretty near unanimous," said Cunningham, "but Ralph Vinton knows her a bit better than any of the rest of us, and I guess we ought to hear from him before we appoint a committee on scares. Say something, Ralph."

Long Ralph Vinton straightened out, flung on his raincoat and picked up his wet-weather hat. "I don't have to," he replied. "I've scared her."

"What! scared her?" shouted the incredulous chorus.

"You're a horsethief!" cried the Westerner.

"You're—an expert witness!" cried the lawyer.

"You're a liar, net!" pronounced the business man.

"Then, Brother Vinton," said Cunningham, as slowly and impressively as the endman in a minstrel show, "will you kindly tell us how you scared Miss Edith Wycherly?"

Vinton moved toward the door. "Asked her to marry me," he said.

"Whoop!"

Vinton tried to bolt, but little Terhune nailed him with a flying tackle in the highest style of the art.

"Rough-house! Rough-house!" shouted the chorus, joyously piling on, and the deserter went down with a thud amid a wildly waving tangle of arms and legs.

The smoke cleared away with Cunningham pounding the table for order. "Mr. Vinton has the floor!" he called in his best coaching tones. "Bob, remove yourself from the gentleman's expressive countenance. He desires to address the gathering.

Now, Mr. Vinton, such being the case, have you any objections to stating—er—results?”

“No,” replied Vinton, with all the dignity to be expected of a man with a

human avalanche on his chest. “I must have scared her into it. She said I’d better tell you boys. And I guess she’s right, as usual. You’re all so blamed interested in her welfare!”

A Trick in High Finance

BY CAMPBELL MAC CULLOCH

Author of “A Deal in Diamonds,” etc.

“We’ll wander down into Wall street for th’ next trick we’re agoin’ to turn, Larry,” observed the cherubic and simple-minded Mr. Simpson softly, as he pulled lazily at the long briar pipe that served him as a solace when “business” was dull. In his lap reposed a copy of a financial newspaper, and he gazed with a sad expression at young Mr. Forsyth Kingsley who sat idly turning the pages of a popular magazine.

“If you ask me,” remarked Mr. Kingsley with some asperity, “I’d be likely to say you were getting foolish in your old age and that what you want most is a nice neat room in some foolish factory with a uniformed attendant to soothe your aching and bulbous brow with a blackjack about twice a week. You’re getting so beastly ambitious of late that there’s no holding down that dome of thought of yours, and you go flying after higher game every trip. Ever hear that yarn about the eagle who set out to soar to the sun?”

“I disremember hearin’ of that there particular bird,” replied Mr. Simpson comfortably. “What happened to that feathered American symbol of noise and freedom?”

“He got singed,” said Mr. Kingsley with some asperity. “And that’s about what’s going to occur to you if you go monkeying with Wall street. I thought you were too cagey a bird to act around like an old hen.”

Having delivered himself of this oration, Mr. Kingsley snorted with disgust and slammed the magazine down on a table. From his waistcoat pocket he produced the inevitable cigaret case and selected with more than ordinary care, one of his gold monogrammed coffin nails. Then

he stood erect before the fire and looked Mr. Simpson over with a sympathetic gaze that was almost offensive. Mr. Simpson, on the contrary, merely blinked his cat-like eyes and smiled comfortably. Over his bland and gentle countenance with the generous roll of fat slipping bulbously over his low collar, there slowly stole a fleeting smile, and Mr. Kingsley idly thought of the fat cherub in the memorial window of the church at home. If Mr. Simpson could have been equipped with a big white crook, the similiarity would have been increased.

“You aint got much reason to hand me a call down of that sort, Larry,” said Mr. Simpson softly. “Me and you has worked a good many little games together in the last few months, and what we’ve got out of it has been th’ product of this here brain pan o’ mine. Each an’ every time you said I was plumb foolish, an’ each an’ every time I pulled down a stake of coin that is keeping you in sinful luxury at this very minute. When I say Wall street, you can place a small bet that I mean Wall street, an’ when I say I’m goin’ to get th’ coin, you can gamble there’s goin’ to be a bit of coin. I aint never seen th’ crooked game yet that I could n’t beat, an’ make th’ crooks look foolish by trimmin’ them of what they’d sniped from some other party; an’ this here Wall street aint no tougher than any other game. It’s bigger, that’s all.”

Mr. Kingsley was impressed with the earnest and convincing manner of his respected, if aged partner, and he looked uneasily at him.

“You’ve not forgotten, I suppose,” he said, “that a certain police party once drew a dead-line at Fulton street and dared any crook to work below it?”

"I aint forgotten nothin'," snapped Mr. Simpson, straightening himself up in the arm chair. "That dead-line was made for common guns; parties what the police knew. I'm talkin' of a little high finance, and I've picked a blow hole out in the Wall street armor plate, an' I'm goin' to show them sharks down there that a green worker can come in an' make them look like a Filipino *peseta* in th' sub-treasury. Don't talk to me about 'dead-lines.' Every time anybody says Wall street, some guy holds up his hands an' says it's pertected. It's the biggest openin' for a real hard workin' team like you an' me that ever was."

Mr. Kingsley realized some of the force of the Simpson statements and sat down rather hurriedly in a Morris chair that was in direct range. When he had regained his equilibrium he tentatively inquired:

"Are you expecting that I'm to pull a little wire, maybe?" and was astonished by the vim with which the astute Mr. Simpson, guileful and wary as a weasel, turned on him and flashed:

"You? You're goin' to pull all th' wires. That's what."

"But is n't it a little dangerous?" asked Mr. Kingsley with a shadow of a smile.

"So's a gun if you don't know how to handle it," snapped Mr. Simpson. "This aint no more dangerous than walkin' across th' street an' pullin' a door bell. It's so blamed easy I'm wonderin' just how them sharpers ever come to leave such an openin', unless it was that they aint teachin' them just how easy they are, and

makin' them pay for instruction in closin' up this here leak." And Mr. Simpson walked about the room a moment with quite a return of his old, sharp manner, which had been dulled of late by enforced retirement and high living. "We aint goin' to pike none in this either," he went on. "We're out for a bit of real coin, an' when we get it, me an' you will drop across th' pond a bit an' I'll show you a few things about Piccadilly an' th' Shamseyleesey that you aint never suspected."

Young Mr. Kingsley looked with ever increasing admiration at Mr. Simpson and tried to find some word in his vocabulary that would fitly express his feelings; but as it failed to rise to the surface he was compelled to say a few words in choice profanity that evoked a frown from Mr. Simpson. Finally he asked:

"What's th' particular idea this time, Sim., and what and how are you going to work it?"

Mr. Simpson smiled once more, and this time his mouth parted in a genuine, whole-souled smile that revealed two rows of

lily white teeth that were the pride of the owner and the envy of jealous old gentlemen who had seen them. He had reason to be proud, however, for the molars had cost him \$250, as he was fond of stating.

"I've been readin' up on high finance, my boy," he observed. "And I've come to th' conclusion that it's a sin an' shame th' loose way th' money market's run. Any chap with a bit of brains could go down there an' get th' money, but I guess Providence has reserved us for th' can



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"A certain police party drew a line at Fulton street."



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

He projected himself into the president's office.

openers. I said we weren't goin' to pike none, an' I mean it. When we get through with that one stunt we'll have something over a quarter of a million for our own, an' th' way we'll flit out o' this here town will amuse th' Statue o' Liberty down th' bay." And Mr. Simpson sat down and chuckled warmly at the thoughts of what he had in his mind.

"An' you'll get 'em," replied the aged necromancer. "You'll notice I've been readin' th' financial papers durin' th' last week? If that don't open your eyes none, I suppose I'll have to get down to your level an' put you next. There's such a thing as a stock market in this here town, which maybe you don't never remember hearin' of. If you knew anything about 'bankin' I'd tell you there was also a clearin' house, and perhaps you've heard there was a few banks scattered around. Before we go any further though, you just sit down an' write Flannery a telegram tellin' him to come here, an' give it to th' janitor to send. When that's gone I'll go on."

Mr. Simpson took a modest portion of the sherry he was addicted to and waited while young Mr. Kingsley did as he was requested. Then he turned to the subject in hand again.

"In addition to them interestin' features I mentioned," he said, "there's a few stock brokers down there, too. They're th' guys that makes it possible for common folk like you an' me to see a show in a theater oncet in a while. If it was n't for th' brokers there'd be no chorus girls, an, if there was n't no chorus girls, half th' lobster found'ries would close up. Them stock brokers deals in stocks an' bonds, my son, an' some of them things can be squeezed into real coin. I've heard of negotiable bonds, which means that they can be turned into th' ready by the party that's got a hold on them.

"Now here's what you an' me are goin' to do. We're goin' to open an account at a bank—th' Eighth City National 'll be about our size, I guess—an' you're goin' to be my private secretary. I'll arrange about gettin' endorsement so they'll take th' account. I'm goin' to do a heavy business with that bank, an' you'll be down there a couple of times a day. All you've

got to do is to keep an eye on th' banks an' brokers' messengers that get in line with you, an' keep your eyes open for what they're handin' in to the four eyed party in th' cage."

"Where does Flannery come in?" asked Mr. Kingsley, who was not very clear as to what was intended.

"If you don't know it, Flannery was engravin' for a livin' oncet, but he engraved too often an' too much, an' a couple of lads caught him an' he went up th' river for a stretch. I aint wantin' him for that though. He can make rubber stamps."

This last information proved to lead Mr. Kingsley farther afield than ever, and he gazed at his aged mentor with a baby stare that set the old gentleman into as merry a peal of laughter as he had indulged in in many a day. When he wiped the tears from his bright little eyes, he sobbed apologetically a few times and remarked:

"Larry, you'll be th' death o' me yet, see if you don't. You sit there with that foolish grin on your map an' it gives me th' hysterics."

Mr. Kingsley did not smile at this pleasantry, however, for he felt that he was in no wise at fault. He could not see the connection between an engraver who could make rubber stamps, and a trip to Europe consequent upon a raid on Wall street for a quarter of a million, that was all. Bright enough in the ways that are dark, his education in crookedness had been elementary to a great extent, and he depended upon Mr. Simpson to pilot him down the narrow and crooked ways of the higher financial theory.

When Mr. Simpson had regained control of himself he resumed his elucidation.

"There's such things as certified checks, my lad," he remarked. "We could get ours certified, of course, but that would cost money. What we're aimin' to do is to gather in that wad of coin I'm atalkin' of without layin' much out, an' without leavin' any trail for Laughlin an' his gang to foller up. I never did like that Laughlin, anyway, an' for a common policeman he's too blamed nosey to suit me.

Well, as I was a sayin', Flannery 'll make th' rubber stamp, an' I guess I aint too old to do a little bit of penwork yet. We'll



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"I want you to ask for S. H. & M. securities."

see if these aged hands have become palsied. Time was, Larry, when there was n't a jury in Ameriky—or Europe, either, that I could n't scratch a pen all 'round, and then some. Jim the Penman was a amateur—a rank outsider—'longside o' me. With a few bottles of different ink and a strip of paper I could make a thousand dollar

bill that 'd fool 'em all. Remember that case of Carnley? When the Central office just laid down? That showed 'em somebody was pretty handy. But I'm wanderin'. Bad habit to wander, Larry, especially when there's delicate work to attend to. As I was sayin', I guess I'm good for a little pen-work yet. Well, to go on, we'll

start an account with \$20,000 in th' Eighth National, an' you'll do what I tell you an' take no risk. You just dress yourself like you was earnin' fifteen per, an' that 'll be all. I want some o' them negotiable bonds I was talkin' of, an' as they 're layin' around loose, why I've got to have 'em."

Mr. Simpson and Mr. Kingsley had succeeded in pulling off several eminently satisfactory financial deals during the last six months, and they intended to wind up the series with one grand *coup* that would jar Wall street out of its turbulent calm and wake it up to a fact which had long been neglected. As instruction is usually paid for, they saw no harm in making the Street pay for this elementary course in first principles. By the time they had discussed a few more of the necessary details of the plan, and the mud of ignorance had been cleared from Mr. Kingsley's eyes, a modest ring at the bell announced the arrival of the faithful Mr. Flannery, who entered with a broad grin and a cheerful word.

"What are you two pigeons cookin'?" was his greeting, and he nodded easily to both, laid his hat on the floor and helped himself to the sherry. Mr. Simpson went through a few preliminaries such as inquiring for the health of a certain valuable painting that was in the custody of Mr. Flannery; inquiring if any British commissioners had called lately with a view to purchasing objects of art, and making some slight references to the cost of badly executed copies of old masters, all of which amused Mr. Flannery immensely, and then came down to business.

He explained that in the course of two or three days he would submit to Mr. Flannery's experienced eye a design for a rubber stamp that he desired to have a duplicate of, and inasmuch as the work would necessarily be required quickly, requested that Mr. Flannery should bring to the present apartment, his necessary kit for the turning out of the work within a period of two hours or so.

With a beady look in his eye, Mr. Flannery remarked that he believed he was the chicken to pick the shell, and departed after once more paying court to the sherry bottle, expressing at the same time a hope that the partners would see their

way clear to including a case of beer in their supplies against his return.

When he had gone, Mr. Simpson went still further into details, the result being that even Mr. Kingsley began to observe the humor in the situation, and laughed loud and long at the extreme simplicity of the idea, and wondered much that no one had seen the weakness of this particular bit of defensive plating long ere this.

"It surely takes you, Sim," he said, "to hunt out the easy money. Where you get this sixth sense of divination is more than I can understand, but you do it, and the beauty of it all is, that there's never a chance of getting caught."

When they retired for the night, Mr. Simpson dropped off peacefully to sleep, but the janitor heard the merry chucklings of Mr. Kingsley bubbling out into the air shaft at odd hours during the night, and wondered much at the cause thereof, even going so far as to remark to his good wife that some one must have handed in a comic supplement at the Simpson apartment.

The next day and for several days following, there ensued an extraordinary activity in the banking account of James F. Blair, opened that morning at the Eighth National, and the aged and conservative president of the institution even went so far as to comment upon this new account to the cashier. The latter, being busy with many things, paused but to remark that the account was good, for it had been made by sub-treasury certificates for bullion, which led him to suppose Mr. Blair to be a recent acquisition from the West who had discovered a trifle of gold in the course of his prospecting. He went so far as to indicate that the gentleman in question rather bore out that idea in his personal appearance, and the president went away satisfied.

This activity in Mr. Blair's account was chiefly caused by young Mr. Kingsley, who in the guise of confidential clerk, made many seemingly aimless trips between the bank and a small office in which reposed a desk and Mr. Blair, otherwise Simpson. Four days passed in this manner, and then came the moment when it began to look as if Mr. Simpson would not have to wait

much longer for his expected illustration of the weakness of modern financial methods. Mr. Kingsley returned to the office one morning and reported that he had seen a messenger deposit, as security for a quick loan from the Eighth National to the firm of Broadribb & Co., stock brokers' bonds to the value of \$345,750. He knew the figures, for he had stood behind the messenger in the line and had observed very carefully the slip that accompanied the deposit.

Mr. Simpson questioned young Mr. Kingsley very carefully indeed, for he was not desirous of making any slips in his financial undertaking.

"You kept your eyes peeled an' did n't get them figures mixed up, son, did you?" he inquired, bending his eyebrows into a straight line.

With some disgust Mr. Kingsley turned back his coat sleeve, and exhibited upon his white shirt cuff some penciled memoranda that bore out his verbal statements. Mr. Simpson glanced at these with interest and then sighed heavily with relief. From a pigeon-hole in the desk before him he removed several blank checks, drawn on as many institutions, and proceeded to fill out the one he had selected with such precision that it was evidently a matter of some moment. He dropped this, however, in a short time, and after writing a note, requested Mr. Kingsley to call a messenger boy and send it to Broadribb & Co.

"There's things I can do that would surprise you, Larry," he said, "but second sight aint one of them. I've got to get a hint of that firm's signature."

Then he lolled back and indulged in a little dissertation of his ideas during the time the messenger was absent, explaining that the note was merely a request for some information to the firm, which would be likely to draw a written reply. From this point he drifted rapidly to a lightly drawn sketch of some of the points of interest in Europe, and dwelt with particular fondness upon the superior qualification of Aix-le-Bains as a health resort, with a side trip to Monte Carlo merely as a pleasure jaunt. To this Mr. Kingsley listened somewhat impatiently, and it was with intense relief that he perceived the

messenger re-appear with an answer to the note of Mr. Blair.

The subsequent proceedings are not of sufficient moment to create any particular interest, up to the point where the sordid details of a little polite forgery were completed, but it is necessary to follow young Mr. Kingsley again to the bank where he lingered on the steps of the institution until an idle messenger boy came along swinging a bit of stick on the end of a string, and whistling shrilly. Young Mr. Kingsley followed the modern Mercury until three blocks had been passed and then approached him. He poured a siren tale into the youth's ear and presented him with one large dollar.

"I want you to go around to the bank, ask for the S. H. & M. securities deposited by Broadribb & Co., and hand in this check, certified as you see, to cover the loan. When you have obtained them, come back to me at the Broad Exchange Building, and there's another dollar in it for you. Are you on?"

Twenty-five minutes later Mr. Simpson and Mr. Kingsley were gazing with rapt attention at a sealed package that bore the stamp of the Eighth National, and which they proceeded to open. Inside they discovered bonds of the S. H. & M. to the face value of \$450,000 bearing interest at the rate of 4 per cent and they merely looked at each other with shining eyes.

"It's almost a shame to do a thing like this, Larry," observed Mr. Simpson with deep feeling. "If there's anything I hate it's to shatter the faith of a lot of guys that trust each other, and to show them how easy they can be trimmed at their own game. Here these poor chaps has been all these years adoin' their business in just this way, and here me an' you steps in an' shows them that they're a lot o' rubes when it comes to handlin' change. I'm tellin' you there aint a bank in town that would n't have fell for that certified check when it was backed with a dinky telephone message to th' cashier first. It's a positive shame, an' I feel like one o' them cheap skates that lays around th' park over in Brooklyn an' steals milk bottles out o' baby carriages."

"What's worrying me," remarked Mr. Kingsley thoughtfully, "is how you came



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"This is the place that Bill lived and died in."

to dope this out in the first place. Of course I see where the weak points lay now, but how did you get wise to it in the first place?"

"Why, I'm readin' about a package of stock that got lost last week an' how it was traced. A messenger calls at th' bank for it, an' he don't show up at his office with the same, which was needed right bad before the exchange closed. Some guy thinks the messenger had sneaked with it, an' they 're sendin' for th' bulls when th' lad walks in. He'd got mixed up in a parade an' could n't get across th' street. He was only a kid anyway, an' did n't have enough sense to cop out anything that size. I figured, if one guy could get his hooks in that deep, why any one could, an' here's th' result. Now you an' me will get rid of these here before night, because there'll be hades to pay tomorrow mornin'.

It was half-past ten the next day when a yell of alarm arose from the cashier of the Eighth National as he projected himself into the president's office without the formality of knocking as was his wont. He waved a check in the air that bore a certification stamp across it's face and some other cabalistic letters in heavy red ink that proved it worthless. The bank listened to the uproar in some wonderment, which did not subside even when the senior partner of the solid firm of Broadribb & Co. came into the bank with an air that indicated he had been sent for. The curiosity even deepened when two detectives arrived on the run and were ushered into the president's room. Two financial reporters came next, and within an hour the red head-lines on two evening papers bore the news that the Eighth National had been robbed of a large amount. The next morning the daily papers bore humorous and caustic accounts of the lax methods in use in Wall Street, and scolded the condition of affairs severely in editorials that did not conduce to the comfort of the bank officials.

It was deemed inconceivable that a banking institution should permit such

large sums to be handled as if they were bags of popcorn, and high financial circles received a shock they have not recovered from to this day. The police had several "clues," but these did not point to anything worth while, in spite of the heroic efforts of the police and several private detective agencies. It was discovered that Mr. Blair, the Western mining man, had closed out his account at the bank rather suddenly, but no one seemed to attach any particular importance to this incident, and there was no connection drawn between the two facts. Two clerks in the bank were arrested, and several entirely inoffensive gentlemen, whose portraits graced the art collections at 300 Mulberry street were haled before the bar of justice, but at the end of two weeks, the matter was well-nigh forgotten, save that the financiers followed different methods in the transaction of their loans and the lodgement of their collateral therefore.

At the end of the two weeks, two neatly attired gentlemen sauntered down the main roadway in Stratford-on-Avon and gazed longingly about them. Mr. Simpson bearing the portly, benevolent appearance of a man who had cast life's business cares behind him, pointed to an ancient building and remarked to young Kingsley, who strode behind him:

"Larry, there's the place that Bill lived and died in. I'm mighty glad I've come to see it, for there's nothin' that hits me as close as the things that guy wrote. Everytime I think of that there poor Hamlet feller I get a sore spot in my heart for him. I'm goin' in to look about awhile, an' if you 're a good boy I'll let you come, too. When we get through here we'll run over to Paree an' I'll show you a few things that you aint dreamed of. By the way, you aint got no tender message from your friend Laughlin over in N'York, have you?"

Young Mr. Kingsley grinned and followed Mr. Simpson into the birthplace of William Shakespeare.



The Wisdom of the Abbot

By Marvin Dana.



Ronald was the most popular man in Varburg. To be sure, he did not move in court circles; indeed he was quite unknown at the palace; nor in society, for the aristocrats of the capital had never even heard of his existence. But for all that, he was the most popular man in the kingdom, for he was the leader of the people.

Varburg was a monarchy of the ancient sort: quiet, unfettered by constitution, bound only by traditions that insisted on the sanctity of the sovereign line. Just now a girl was on the throne, and, whatever her secret ideas of right government may have been, the direction of affairs was in the hands of ministers whose only theory and practice appertained to the levying of taxes.

Even when Ronald entered the university, he was disturbed in his study by the groans of the people. Later, his deeper sympathies aroused, he began to investigate the causes of the distress about him. His mind open to conviction, he came finally to the conclusion that the existing order was wrong, that it should be changed. For this to obtain, however, it was necessary that the people should understand their position. Therefore, he, having diagnosed the disease of the body politic, went about advising the multitudes of his prescription for its cure. The oppressed are ever prone to believe in the ultimate good of any change, and so, in the course of three years, Ronald had fomented a revolutionary spirit that now pervaded all the kingdom.

The executive committee of the conspirators—Ronald and five others—was grouped about a table in a private room of the "Queen's Arms" tavern.

"And now," one was saying, "we must decide what is to be done with the queen."

"Let her be exiled," Ronald proposed at once.

"No!" another exclaimed. "If she live, there will be no end of her plots to regain the throne. History proves that. She must be removed."

"She is guiltless," answered Ronald. "She is but a girl, and without real power, by reason of her youth and inexperience."

"It is not for what she has done that we punish. We must guard against what she may do."

"It would be murder," Ronald declared.

But the others murmured dissent, and the young man was horrified thus to learn that his companions would unhesitatingly decree the death of her who was their queen. It was resolved, forthwith, that on the outbreak of the revolution, which was set for that night, the queen should be taken prisoner, afterwards to be formally, if swiftly, condemned to death.

Ronald, after wasting all his eloquence to alter the determination of his comrades, went out alone, overwrought at the thought of the unhappy fate to which his plottings had doomed an innocent girl, for she was, after all, only a girl.

Meantime, the queen herself brooded over the difficulties of her situation, bred by the dissatisfied mood of her people. The discontented murmurs of the populace had grown so loud that even the ministers had been forced to hearken. They were

alarmed, but they had no thought of appeasing the mob by granting the desired reforms. On the contrary, they believed they had hit on a certain relief when they decided that the queen must marry. Almost any one of the eligible princes would be able to bring with him into the kingdom sufficient troops to maintain order. Certainly, the queen must marry.

But the royal girl, when advised to this effect and furnished with a list of suitors, was not pleased. The younger aspirants were either ugly or stupid, she declared; the older were decrepit or cruel. Sylvia, queen of Norwa, reviewed them all, and disdained them all. For the first time in her life, she felt a twinge of democratic desire; if only she might choose her consort from among the people, surely she might bestow a crown upon one who, in return, would bring to her the happiness she so desired. But, alas! the most vital of the throne's traditions decreed that the absolute purity of the royal line should be maintained.

The queen, having tried in vain to discover a method by which she might reconcile her duty to her pleasure, at last grew weary of the cares of state, and ordered her carriage for a drive into the country.

Thus it came about that, as Ronald was passing the palace after leaving the revolutionists' assembly, he was just in time to witness the going forth of his sovereign. He paused, watching her with gloomy eyes. He had never before seen her at so short a distance, and a deep regret for her fate swept over him as he noted the gentle loveliness of the girl. In the moment that he saw her he was thrilled by the pliant grace of her dainty form, by the rich beauty of her face, by the dark splendor of her eyes.

Those eyes fell on him for one brief instant, and something in the sad admiration of the man's regard touched the woman's heart and she turned to look again. Then their eyes met and lingered, and as the carriage rolled away Sylvia's color deepened, and she spoke softly to her heart:

"Ah me! why is none of the princes such as he?"

And Ronald, his spirit filled with an-

guish at the destiny his own labors had wrought for this fair young creature, strode aimlessly after the royal equipage, and racked his brain to conceive a means whereby the people might gain their right to live as they would without depriving their ruler of the right to live at all.

Boldly he decided that he must give her warning in time to fly before the hour set for the attack upon the palace. On her return he determined to seek an audience with her. He did not fear denial. He could give sufficient hints of coming disaster to insure attention. His duty to his fellows did not trouble him over-much, for he rightly held himself responsible for the revolution, and his own conscience claimed the privilege of directing the course that it should take. Since this was denied him by the executive council, he would use such means as suited his purpose best.

He was suddenly brought out of his self-communion by a strange uproar in the street ahead. People were running wildly in the highway; others were fleeing to the walks, while those on the walks darted into the shelter of the doorways; carriages and carts were confusedly crowding to either side. A cart that he remembered as having just passed him was turned abruptly, the driver lashing his horses to top speed.

Then, an instant later, Ronald saw the four horses of the royal coach bearing down upon him. On the back of one a postilion clung desperately, his face ghastly as he tugged at the bridle rein. Behind the insane brutes the carriage leaped and swayed, and Ronald caught a glimpse of Sylvia's white face. The clamor of the startled crowd added to the horses' terror. At any moment they might swerve and overturn the carriage. Ronald's heart filled with dread that harm should come upon this girl against whom he had striven so long. He was impelled to rush forward and clutch at the head of the near horse, but one man's might could avail little against the rushing fury of the four thoroughbreds. An attempt to turn them out of the free course might only precipitate the catastrophe he sought to avoid. Then, an inspiration came to him. He stepped forward deliberately, and thrust his hand in his coat pocket. As the leader

came abreast of him, the hand was withdrawn. He raised his arm—two shots rang out almost simultaneously.

The horse nearest him lurched heavily, and fell to its knees, to be dragged a yard by its mate; but in an instant the wheelers were upon it, stumbled and fell sprawling. The other leader, meshed in the harness, was drawn into the struggling heap. The postilion leaped safely to the pavement. The carriage, of its own momentum, bore down upon the horses, but Ronald had sprung to its side, and as the queen rose and leaned towards him he took her swiftly in his arms, drew her through the door, and sprang with her to the curb.

As the revolutionists had decided the uprising should take place at three o'clock in the morning, the massing of the men in the appointed spots would not begin before midnight. Throughout the evening the people were warned to keep within doors, so that no extraordinary excitement in the streets could convey a suspicion of evil to those in authority. Thus Ronald had sufficient time for action, and accordingly, he waited until night-fall before seeking admission to the palace. When at last he arrived at the royal residence, he was permitted to see the chamberlain, to whom he made known himself as the person who had stopped the horses that afternoon.

"Ah, yes," said the chamberlain. "Her majesty commanded that you should be brought to her at once. In addition to saving her majesty's life, you have saved me much trouble, young man."

He was immediately conducted into the presence of his queen.

Sylvia gazed admiringly upon her rescuer as he advanced, and with a start of surprise she recalled his face as that of the youth whose eyes her own had met at the palace gates. With the recognition a soft warmth stole over her and a faint blush girlishly mantled her cheeks as she spoke her grateful appreciation of his heroism.

Now in her presence, Ronald, shuddered with horror at the thought of yielding this blushing girl to the fates he himself had aroused against her. He felt a wild desire to fall on his knees and beseech her to fly on the instant. But instead,

he forced himself to silence until she paused. Then he spoke tremulously:

"If, indeed, I have been so fortunate as to save your gracious majesty from a peril, I did but my duty, and that same duty demands now that I save you from yet another peril even more threatening to your life."

"Another danger threatening my life?" the queen repeated in puzzled amazement. "I command you, speak."

He gathered his courage, then told her of the plot, though he made no mention of his own part therein. Her lustrous eyes were warm with gratitude. And the passion that surged through all his being demanded that he himself be one to share with her the danger.

"I have considered the situation, your majesty," he declared, "and I can see but one safe means of your escape."

"And that?"

"You to disguise yourself and go as my companion. I am known to the leaders among the revolutionists, for, in truth, I have to some extent sympathized with their general aims, though never with their bitterness against your gracious self, as my presence here and now bears witness."

"And what would my ministers say to their queen's masquerading in such a fashion and with such an escort?"

"Your majesty may rest assured that in these circumstances such an escort would be the only safe one. As to the masquerading—it, too, is imperative for the sake of safety."

"But, even so, I do not know how they would regard it."

"Permit me to suggest to your majesty that, with all due respect to these advisers, their opinion is no longer of value. It is your majesty's life that is at stake. The troops are ready for revolt. Force cannot save you. You must rely on craft."

The girl mused a moment in silence. At length she spoke again:

"Since this matter seems to involve, perhaps, my death, I must needs take spiritual counsel."

Summoning one of her ladies in waiting, she commanded:

"Let Father Anselm attend us."

Turning to Ronald, she explained:



DRAWN BY EDMUND FREDERICK

The girl mused a moment in silence.

"My confessor is the one friend I have who never fails to advise me honestly and well. I would confer with him."

There was silence until the priest entered. At sight of him Ronald took heart of hope. He had heard often of the virtues of this man of the Church, but now for the first time he saw the thin face, clear cut and bloodless, the eyes, kind though piercing, and lined about with laughing wrinkles, the noble forehead, the strong, lithe body. And the voice of the priest, as he inquired the queen's will, a voice kind, yet firm, served to complete the youth's confidence in him.

The queen explained the situation in detail. The priest's distress was keen, though he restrained a display of it for her sake, but he seemed hardly surprised.

"It is what I have long feared," was his sole comment.

When he had heard Ronald's proposed method of flight, he remained silent for a time, absorbed in reflection. At last he gave his opinion:

"The lad is right. God grant he may be able to spirit you away to safety. There are only two additions to be made to the plan: First, you must go to the monastery of San Mano; second, I must accompany you."

He smiled complacently upon them and continued:

"Yes, I must accompany you for many reasons, but chiefly to guard the fair name of your majesty from any attack by the ill-disposed. Propriety demands that you should be accompanied by one of your ladies, but our needs forbid exposing ourselves to more difficulties than are absolutely unavoidable. So I, in my person, representing the protection of the Church, shall, with your majesty's consent, make one of the small suite. This youth and I, together, will be sufficient to guard you, yet not enough to attract attention."

But Ronald interposed.

"If her majesty and you, father, are disguised, it matters not if we attract attention, since the authorities are not likely to be alert; and among the revolutionists I am looked upon as a friend, as, indeed, I was, until their measures exceeded my tolerance."

The priest regarded Ronald with curios-

ity, but he put the motion aside, for it was even now but an hour to midnight.

"We must arrange the matter of the disguise," he said.

"If your majesty would not be offended," stammered Ronald, "it would add greatly to our safety were you, perhaps, to change your dress to—one—that—is—rather better suited to rough journeying."

"You mean—?" questioned Sylvia, puzzled by the speaker's embarrassed manner and indefinite words.

"The youth means that it would be better suited to our flight were you to dress as—a man."

The queen started in alarm.

"Impossible!"

"But I think we can avoid the difficulty," suggested the priest. "My advice is that you should wear a robe like mine. Thus you will be disguised as a man and at the same time do no violence to the delicacy of your majesty's feelings."

To this, at last, the queen assented.

It was decided that the priest should secrete a monastic habit in the apartment after Sylvia had retired. She would dismiss all attendants at the earliest possible moment, and then, when the palace was quiet for the night, make her escape by way of a private garden, through a postern that opened into the street. This had been a door used often by her father, the key of which Sylvia possessed, though she never had employed it, and by an unrevoked order of the late king no sentry was posted there. Ronald and the priest were to be in waiting at midnight.

At twelve o'clock precisely, Ronald took up his station at the postern. A few minutes later, Father Anselm arrived, but it was after one o'clock when the gate swung open, and one who wore the garb of a Dominican, issued forth to join them.

There was a brief and hurried conference, and then the three hastened on to where the horses were awaiting them.

Ten minutes later they were mounted and riding out of the capital, a strange company truly, for there together under the protection of the Church rode Sylvia, queen of Norwa, and beside her rode Ronald, leader of the people, who, even as the three sped on, were already pour-

ing from their houses to take up the appointed work of revolt.

The queen shuddered as she rode among the silent men, for she knew that they were faring forth to wreak their vengeance on her. She knew that by them she had been condemned to die, and the glint of the moonlight on their weapons struck terror to her heart. And Ronald, too, looked down upon them with emotion, agents as they were, of his own creation. He had but to show himself clearly to be hailed with acclamations. His own fervor had kindled the fire that now raged through the city.

The queen and Ronald were together and unattended in the great hall of the monastery.

"What is it?" Sylvia asked anxiously, for the youth's face was white and strained.

"Father Anselm has received reports, your majesty, that alarm him. It is better that your majesty should know all, for a second flight may be necessary. Some chance word dropped by one of the monks must have given a clue; the revolutionists have learned of your presence here. They have flung a line about the monastery, and none is allowed to pass. You are the prisoner of your enemies, but the abbot declares that they will not venture to violate the sanctity of this retreat."

"But I may at least send for a companion?" gasped Sylvia.

"I fear not; while one or two might be permitted to enter, none may pass out. To obey your majesty's summons would mean imprisonment for life. Few would venture so much even in loyalty to a captive queen."

"And you, my protector?"

"For me it matters not," Ronald answered softly. "My happiness is here."

"Is, then, your devotion to your queen so great?"

"Not my devotion to my queen—your pardon; I have not the right to speak thus to your majesty."

"Tell me your meaning."

Sylvia spoke softly. At that moment royal traditions were forgotten. She thought only of the handsome youth who stood before her, his eyes brimming with

a love he could not hide. And her heart leaped as she looked on him.

"Tell me," she repeated.

The words came falteringly, for her habit of command warred strangely with this new timidity of love.

Then, suddenly, Ronald broke the bonds, and loosed his lover's heart.

"Yes, I must speak, though you despise me ever after. I love you—you, Sylvia. I love you! I love you as a man may love a woman, without thought or heed of aught save love. I loved you when my eyes first met yours at your palace gate. It was for love of you I vowed to save you from the dangers I myself had brought upon you."

"How? You?" gasped Sylvia, in amazement.

"I, even I, am the cause of all you have suffered, all that you may suffer, though I would give my life to save you a single pang. I wonder that no hint of this has come to the abbot's ears. It is I who, hearing the murmurs of the people, beholding the crass folly and cruelty of the government, have striven for three years to rouse your subjects to revolt.

"You—as queen—were to me, an impersonal thing, the apex of an evil structure. Yet, because of your youth and innocence, I rebelled against the harshness with which my fellows judged you. I pleaded your cause, but in vain. Then, when I saw you, my care for your safety grew. When I drew you from the carriage, my arms about you, I pledged my self to save you. Yes, I swore to live only for your sake, to strive only for your happiness. And now how miserably I have failed!" He turned away.

"But you have not failed," murmured Sylvia. Her bosom trembled with emotion, as her slim white hand rested an instant on his arm.

"Not failed!" he cried. "How then!"

Her eyes fell before the wondering ardor that burned in his; but a smile parted her lips and two dimples played in her cheeks. Then, of a sudden, she laughed softly, and lifted her eyes for one shy glance, at his love-lit face, as she asked:

"Do I—seem—then—so unhappy?"

The intoxication of her presence robbed him of all remembrance of social degrees.



DRAWN BY EDMUND FREDERICK

One who wore the garb of a Dominican issued forth.

His one thought was of the glorious fact that his confession had not been scorned. He held out his arms; into them Sylvia glided, and in that moment she knew that the sovereignty of all the world crumbles to dust before the sovereignty of love.

But it was only for an instant. Tremulously she withdrew from his embrace.

"Nay," she said, as he would remonstrate. "I must remember. Between us there yawns an impassable gulf."

"But our hearts have bridged the gulf," he cried.

"True, our hearts have bridged it, but the gulf remains, and only our hearts, beloved, may cross it. Though my people refuse my sovereignty, I may not refuse the duties of my birth."

"Sever it all," pleaded Ronald. "Go out with me, out into the world. Forget that you were once a queen and let us live in that peace and happiness which are the birthright of all who love."

"It cannot be," she answered wearily. "And even were I willing, we could not escape."

"I had forgotten," groaned the youth.

"We both forget many things," the girl went on, and her smile was wistfully plaintive. "Yet—" again her face softened and her eyes grew luminous—"there are some things, too, we shall never forget, nor would we, though the memory of them be fraught with bliss and anguish mingled. But speak not of this again. It would be more than I could bear. Even now my conscience reproaches me. Go now and send you Father Anselm to me."

To the priest she confessed her heart and begged his good advice.

The holy man for the first time was at a loss. He begged permission to consult the abbot.

The abbot listened in silence, until the tale was told. Then in most undignified fashion, he clapped the holy father on the back and cried:

"Capital!"

Father Anselm gaped in amazement, but the abbot hurried on:

"It is true that the traditions of the throne demand that the queen should marry one of royal birth. But the chief tradition of the throne is that the royal

line must be preserved. That is of the first importance. By all means keep the blood as blue as may be, but before all—keep the blood. Here is the queen. There is none to succeed her, since the revolutionists have carefully put to death all candidates of princely rank. Her majesty is the sole representative of the royal family left alive. No prince from another kingdom would seek her here, inasmuch as the revolutionists have given out that she, too, is among those slain. The queen must marry, and it does not matter who the bridegroom may be. This boy will serve as well as another. Let them marry."

For a moment, Father Anselm stared stupidly at his superior. Then he laughed, and the abbot laughed with him; the two reverend administrators of a state marriage roared with a mighty merriment.

"And her majesty must consent; it is her duty," quoth Anselm.

"It will be the first marriage in the history of the monastery," chuckled the abbot.

"I think your grace may congratulate yourself on having provided a very acceptable hospitality for our unfortunate sovereign."

Anselm winked slyly, then they laughed again.

The marriage was speedily consummated, and for months afterwards the monastery was, doubtless, the happiest prison house in history. The joy of the queen and the prince consort was perfect, and it reflected itself on all about them. Moreover, the monks reveled in the strange fact that their monastery was illuminated by a honeymoon, a thing never contemplated in the rules of their order.

But in time there developed a new excitement, and the brotherhood went about with anxious faces. The abbot was distraught. Two functionaries were needed from the outside world—a doctor and a nurse—a woman. But the cordon of soldiery still guarded the monastery. None might enter or leave it. What was to be done?

While the abbot was thus puzzled, news came that gave him fresh courage. One of the guards told a monk that the pro-

visional government was at war with itself, that the people complained bitterly because, as yet, their burdens were no lighter. The soldier added that he and his comrades were likely to desert their post, since another revolt might take place in the capital at any moment, overturning those who had appointed them to ward over the queen. Indeed, within a month, tidings of a second rising were brought to the abbot's ears, and shortly thereafter the monks came running in to announce that they were free again.

Now the abbot perceived his opportunity, and dispatched messengers throughout the kingdom to ascertain the disposition of the people. Then one morning the great bell of the monastery was rung as never before, announcing to all the land the birth of Conrad, Crown Prince of Norwa.

In due time the messenger returned, and it was learned that the people were half inclined to ask their queen to reign again. But there were other tidings. A great monument stood in the palace square of the capital, erected to the memory of Ronald, the hero of the nation, who, according to the inscription, had fallen in the storming of the palace, a martyr to the cause of liberty. Him the people mourned, and when they lamented the failure they had made of their attempt at self-government, they cried aloud:

"It would have been otherwise had Ronald lived."

In this new light an inspiration came to the abbot, and he instantly sent messengers far and near to proclaim the whole truth. And these messengers announced also the amnesty of the queen to all who would recognize her authority.

The kingdom thrilled with excitement. Far and wide the women cried and the men laughed over this romance in their history. And from hither and yon the nobles and the people thronged to the monastery to offer their homage, so that when at last the queen and her consort set forth on the journey to the capital, their way was one long triumph.

Then at last, in the great court of the palace, Queen Sylvia formally resumed her sovereignty, and Ronald was crowned beside her.

But the joy of the people, great as it had been before, reached its climax when there was held up before their eyes a purple cushion on which lay a little boy, Conrad, Crown Prince of Norwa.

"For," as the queen proclaimed in her address, "the bond between me and my people is now one that can never be broken, and its symbol is this well-loved son, who will one day, with God's grace, rule over you; son of your queen and the prince consort, of Sylvia and Ronald, of your hereditary sovereign and your chosen leader. As he unites us in the kinship of blood, even so does he unite us in the kinship of love."

Mr. Donald MacDonald

BY J. J. BELL

Author of "Wee Mac Greogor," etc

The elderly postmistress of Fort Sunart sub-office was in a quandary. The mail bag which the bi-weekly steamer had just put ashore contained seven letters and postcards. The addresses of six of these were familiar to her; the address of the seventh was not—or, rather, it was too much so. Therein lay all the trouble yet to come, trouble of which she could not dream. The envelope, a tightly packed business one, was directed in typewritten characters to

MR. DONALD MACDONALD,
PORT SUNART,
ARGYLLSHIRE, N. B.

The postmistress read these words aloud several times, also the postmark, which was "London, E. C." She turned the envelope and examined the back with its Oban postmark.

With a sigh she laid the missive on the counter, and from a tin labeled "Finest Cough Drops" took a pair of eye-glasses

with a cracked lens. Some years ago these glasses had been lost by a tourist in the neighborhood; they had been advertised as "found" on a half-sheet of note-paper stuck on the little window of the post-office, which was also the shop of Port Sunart; six months had passed without any claim; the soiled advertisement had been taken down, and the postmistress had felt justified in regarding the glasses as her own. They made her eyes ache, but she put them on when her official duties were exceptionally trying. Fortunately for her sight, this was not often.

Placing them upon her nose, which the spring gripped rather painfully, she again took the packet in her hand and gazed upon it till the tears came. But no inspiration accompanied them.

"Father!" she called.

A narrow door at the back of the shop opened, and a very old man came slowly forth.

"Here iss a letter for Tonald Mactonald," she said, speaking English, as she and her father always did when the matter was official. "And I am not knowing what I am to do wis it."

She paused, and the old man looked inquiringly.

"There iss the letter. Can you read it?"

He peered at the address, and slowly repeated it. "It iss plain enough," he said. "What iss wrong wis it, Flora?"

"How many Tonald Mactonalds are in Port Sunart?" she asked meaningly.

The old man began to laugh. "Well, well, that iss a goot joke! Five Tonald Mactonalds, and a letter for one! Got pless me! It iss fine fun you will pe hafing,

Flora. There iss Tonald Mactonald, Fesdale, and Tonald Mactonald, Inverewe, and Tonald Mactonald, the Ness, and—"

"Will I not pe knowing it?" cried Flora irritably.

"Haf any of them peen puying stamps the last mons or two?" her father inquired.

The postmistress shook her head. "And

there haf peen no letters for any of them since little Tonald Mactonald's sister tied in Greenock. And that will pe three years and more."

"Then what iss to pe done, Flora? Could you not send pack the letter?"

"How could I send pack the letter when there iss plenty of peoples to teliver it to? Do not speak such foolishness, father! If you will help me, you will go to the five Tonald Mactonalds and tell them that there iss a letter for one of them; but they must all come togesser to see who iss to get it."

"A fery goot observation, Flora," said the old man. "I will pe going now. Maype there will pe a fortune for one of the Tonald Mactonalds."



DRAWN BY C. H. WILSON

Donald MacDonald.

The five members of the ancient clan

gathered in a semi-circle before the counter, behind which the postmistress, solemn and dignified, blinked through her glasses. The men replied to her questions in Gaelic. None of them had seen typewriting before. They examined and touched the packet gingerly.

"The letter was posted in London," said the postmistress. "Haf any of you got friends in London?"

There was a long silence, broken at last by Donald MacDonald, Inverewe.

Twelve years ago, he explained, he had tried the lobster-fishing, and had sent a consignment of the crustaceans to a man in London, who had never paid for the same.

"Perhaps," he concluded, "the man has reformed and sends me the money at long last."

"That was very likely, indeed!" said Donald MacDonald, whose croft was called Sligachan. He spoke sarcastically.

"If the letter had been from Campbeltown," began Donald MacDonald, Fesdale.

"Or California," put in Donald MacDonald, the Ness, "I once had a cousin—"

"The letter is from London," interrupted little Donald MacDonald, who had no special address. He dwelt alone in a small hut on the shore, and was no great favorite in Port Sunart. "The letter is from London," he said dryly, "so there is no use speaking about other places. I am the only Donald MacDonald whose address is nothing but Port Sunart, and I will take the letter."

A murmur rose from the others.

"Do you know anybody in London?" demanded the postmistress as a tear rolled from under her cracked lens.

"How can I tell till I see the letter?" retorted the little man, holding out his rough weather-bitten hand.

The postmistress looked at the others. With one accord they forbade her to deliver the packet.

"What am I to do?" she said helplessly.

A tremendous discussion arose among the five and seemed as if it would continue forever, when the father of the postmistress, who, with an amused grin, had been watching the proceedings, held up his hand and called for silence. He was highly respected by the Port Sunart folk, all of whom were his customers and not a few his debtors.

"If you cannot agree who is to get the letter," he said, "we will send it pack to the postoffice in London. Will not one of you open it and see what—"

Five hands were outstretched.

"One of you!"

But that could not be arranged.

"Draw lots who is to open it," cried Donald MacDonald, Sligachan. "If it is

not for him, he will give it to the right man."

After much talk the suggestion was accepted. The old merchant cut out five small pieces of paper, marked a cross on one, folded them up and shook them long and violently in an empty tin.

"The biggest man will draw first," he said, and this was agreed to in spite of little Donald's protest. "I am the oldest," said little Donald, vainly.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Donald MacDonald, Sligachan, whose mind was fertile in ideas. "I propose that the man who gets the letter stands a glass of good whisky to each of the others before he opens it. That will make it fair for everybody."

This suggestion was also carried in the face of little Donald's objections.

The postmistress may not have approved of the method adopted for the delivery of a portion of His Majesty's mails, but the glasses were causing her such discomfort that she could hardly consider anything else. Still, she was determined to keep them on until the business was concluded.

The drawing proceeded, and the crossed paper was the last in the tin. Little Donald took the letter, and sulkily led the way to the inn, while Flora doffed her glasses and wiped her streaming eyes. She was doubtful as to whether she had done right, but the old man reassured her by saying.

"If it iss for none of them, you can still send it pack."

At the inn little Donald stood treat in a surly fashion. The others laughed as the glasses of Talisker were set before them. Never before had a man in Port Sunart been treated by little Donald, who was reputed to be a miser, though what he could have found in his poor fisherman's life to amass would have been hard to tell.

"You can open the letter now," said Donald MacDonald of Fesdale.

Little Donald said nothing, but betook himself to the farthest corner of the tap-room. There he turned his back, and the others heard the tearing of paper. It took him some time to understand the contents of the envelope. When he did so he swore under his breath and scowled blackly. Gradually, however, a sly smile dawned



DRAWN BY C. H. WILSON

"That will make it fair for everybody."

on his bronzed, bearded countenance. He returned the contents to the envelope, and turned towards the four, who had now grown mightily curious.

"For whom is the letter?" said two of them together.

"For myself," returned the little man, grinning. "I knew it would be for myself."

There was a short silence. None of the four knew exactly what to say.

Then, to their amazement, little Donald called for five glasses of the best Talisker.

"You have good news?" they exclaimed.

"It will not be bad news," said little Donald pleasantly. "But it will be private."

The whisky was brought and paid for.

The little man raised his glass. "Your very good healths, all you Donald MacDonalds!" he said. He gulped the neat spirit and left the tap-room.

Alas for the four Donald MacDonalds! With the second glasses of whisky four fiends, more potent than the fiery spirit, entered into them and would not be at rest. In two bosoms the fiends were Curiosity; in the others they were Suspicion. What was the letter about? Was it really

for the man who now possessed it? Ere long the entire adult population—happily, in this case, a small one of some thirty souls—of Port Sunart was stirred to its minds' depths. The farming and the fishing were no longer the chief topics of conversation; the kirk controversy then raging was for the time being allowed to lapse: the hatchet was buried under an avalanche of suggestions and suppositions regarding the mysterious letter; while the possibility of a visit from the Royal Yacht during the approaching summer was scarcely discussed.

Little Donald kept more aloof than ever, but it was observed, by those who contrived to see his face at close quarters, that he smiled the smile of one who knows something.

His entering and his leaving the lonely hut were closely watched, and at night the men sneaked along the shore in the hope of making discoveries. But nothing happened.

By the end of a week the situation had become desperate. It was rumored then that the little man had been seen purchasing a postage stamp, though no confirmation of his having posted a letter could be

obtained. One bold spirit made inquiries at the postoffice, but the postmistress, donning her glasses in a hurry, sent him out in quick time. His Majesty's mails, she informed him with crushing dignity, were private.

From being desperate, the situation soon

out what is in the letter." He was of the curious party.

And that evening Donald MacDonald, Sligachan, called on Donald MacDonald, Port Sunart. To his surprise he was received in quite a friendly fashion. He was no hypocrite, and he came to the point at once.



DRAWN BY C. H. WILSON

"You can tell them that I give nothing for nothing."

became unbearable. The suspicious party called for action, the merely curious echoed the call. Some suggested a deputation, others pointed out that a deputation would either alarm or irritate the holder of the secret.

Then came Donald MacDonald, Sligachan.

"Leave it to me," said he. "I will find

"Is it a fortune?" he bluntly questioned.

Little Donald stroked his grizzled beard, smiling a knowing smile. "Well," he said slowly, "it might be a fortune to somebody."

"What in all the world did he mean?" thought the Sligachan Donald. Had the letter not been for the little man after all?

"I would give a bottle of the best Talisker to see the letter," he said, half to himself.

"I will let you see it for that, Donald MacDonald, of Sligachan," said the other quietly. "But you must swear to keep it a secret."

The crofter jumped at the offer.

"Where is the letter?" he cried eagerly.

"Where is the best Talisker?"

Eventually it was agreed that the bargain should be completed the following night.

"But what am I to say to the others?" asked the crofter.

"Oh, you can tell them that I give nothing for nothing," the fisherman calmly replied.

The indignation aroused by this message was great, but it did not overcome the suspicion and curiosity, which, indeed, became more than ever acute when the crofter repeated the words, "It might be a fortune to somebody." One or two advocated the extreme measure of calling in the policeman who visited Port Sunart twice a week, but they were not encouraged. After all, little Donald had never really harmed anybody, and, moreover, he had once stood four men two glasses each of the best Talisker.

Early on the following evening the Sligachan man reached the lonely hut, his jersey bulging with his fee for knowledge.

"Come in, Donald MacDonald," said the fisherman. "You swear never to tell any soul what I show you?"

The crofter set the bottle on the table and took a solemn oath.

"Read," said little Donald, handing him the letter. "Remember, I never asked you to come here."

The other took the envelope in his big trembling fingers.

Three minutes later he flung the paper on the table and with a fearful curse strode to the door.

"Remember," said little Donald quietly, gathering up the papers and returning them carefully to the envelope, "remember that I have not sworn not to tell a soul."

As the crofter hurried homeward he met several neighbors bound for the hut.

Each carried a parcel of some kind. They accosted him, and endeavored to extract information.

"It is nothing at all—nothing at all," he replied evasively.

"We will see for ourselves," they stoutly retorted.

They reached the hut and proclaimed their errand boldly.

"One at a time," said little Donald, coolly. "Come you first, John MacTavish."

"I will give you this sack of potatoes," said MacTavish, slipping the load from his shoulder.

"It will do. You have offered it, remember."

John MacTavish took the oath, read the contents of the envelope, and departed cursing softly. He managed, however, to smile as he passed through the little cluster of neighbors.

"I am next," said a brawny matron at the door.

Little Donald shook his head. "I deal not with women."

She would have made trouble, but the men were in the majority and impatient to read for themselves.

"Here are two pounds of fine butter," said Donald MacDonald, Fesdale, on gaining admittance to the hut.

"It will do."

Four minutes later Donald MacDonald went back to Fesdale, cursing.

It was after nine o'clock when little Donald was left to himself. He looked about him with a satisfied grin. On the table lay five pounds of butter, two dozen eggs, a fowl, a pound of cheese, half-a-pound of tea, twelve ounces of twist tobacco, a wooden pipe, not quite new, a pair of socks, and two bottles of Talisker; on the floor rested a sack of potatoes, and another one of neatly chopped firewood.

"It will do," he muttered, as he lit his lamp.

He opened one of the bottles, cut himself some bread and cheese, drew the table near the fire, and seated himself by the hearth. He stirred the fire, flung on a couple of peats, got rid of his sea-boots, and stretched his feet to the blaze. Presently

he took from his pocket the now thumbbed and frayed envelope. He regarded it almost affectionately.

"I wonder how they knew my name," he said to himself. "It is very strange that they should have known my name in London. But I have heard that the people who send such letters as this one," he tapped the envelope, "are very clever. Perhaps they just guessed that there was one of the name of Donald MacDonald in Port Sunart. Now, I remember, there was a Sir Donald had the shooting one year. But it

is no matter. It has been a good advertisement for them, whatever. Now I am finished with it."

He emptied the envelope and threw it on the fire. It was followed by a few closely printed leaflets. Finally the flames received a neat and brightly colored booklet. As the cover of the booklet caught fire, little Donald read the title, and repeated it.

"*What is Indigestion?*" He smiled. "I thank the good God I do not know," he murmured, and turned to his supper.



C. H. WILSON

DRAWN BY C. H. WILSON

"It will do."



Parisian Fashion Model XXV
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

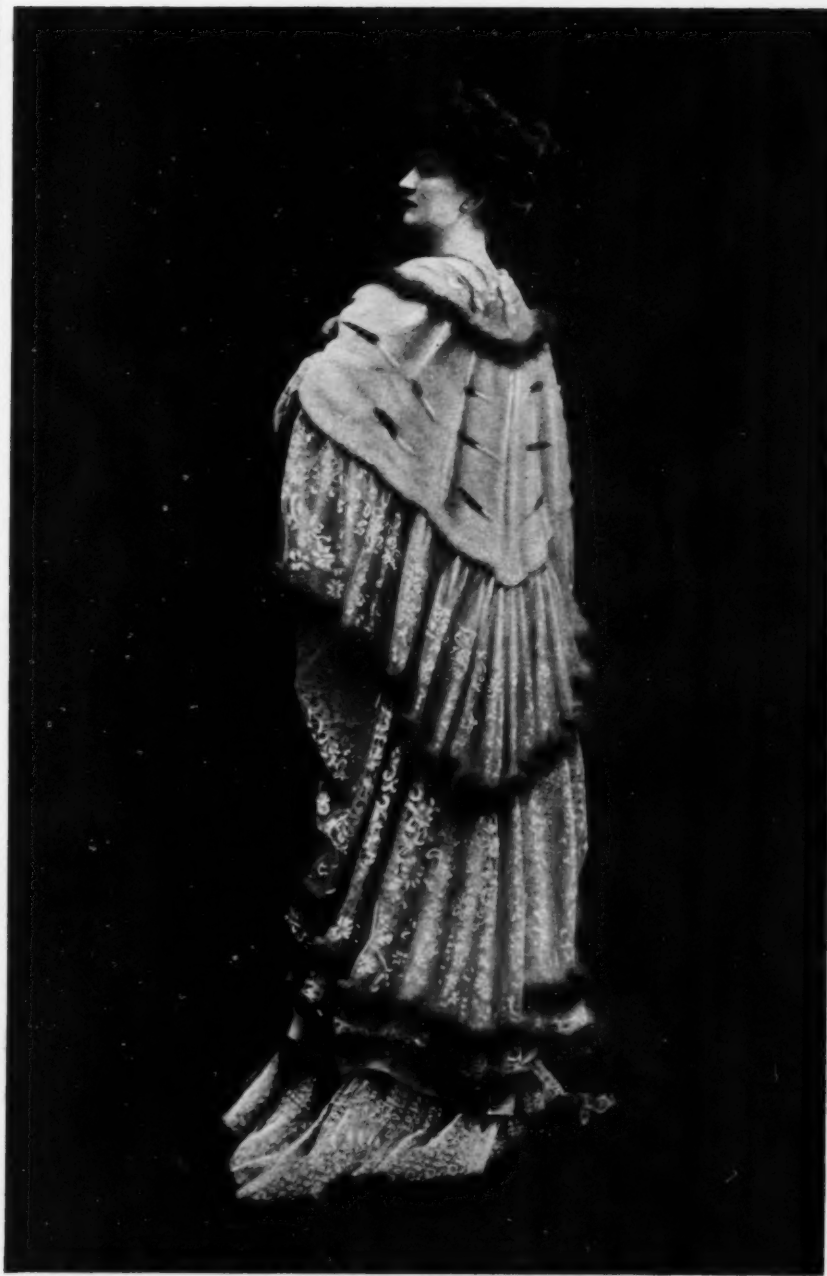
Maison Drécoll:—Negligee of rose pongee trimmed with lace and bands of gold embroidery, the latter crossing and joining the girdle in front.



Parisian Fashion Model XXVI
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Labie:—Coat of light blue surah silk lined with satin, the wide sleeves finished with deep lace, the lower skirt of the coat of *mousseline de soie*.



Parisian Fashion Model XXVII
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Drécoll:—Coat of lace made over ivory satin with a deep cape-collar of ermine. The coat is trimmed with three bands of dark, soft fur.



Parisian Fashion Model XXVIII
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Drécoll:—Visiting costume of black surah silk trimmed with bands of velvet ribbon and embroidered roses. The deep hem of the skirt is black velvet.



Parisian Fashion Model XXIX
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Bob Marie:—Marie Antoinette costume of rose velvet with an embroidered corsage.



Parisian Fashion Model XXX
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Redfern:—Empire robe of white, the skirt and corsage trimmed with silk embroidered in design.



Parisian Fashion Model XXXI
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
FELIX, PARIS

Maison Rouff;—Princesse costume of Irish lace trimmed with ribbon rosettes.



Parisian Fashion Model XXXII
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
FELIX. PARIS

Maison Rouff:—Visiting costume of green velvet, the corsage trimmed with chenille; stole and muff of heavy chenille.

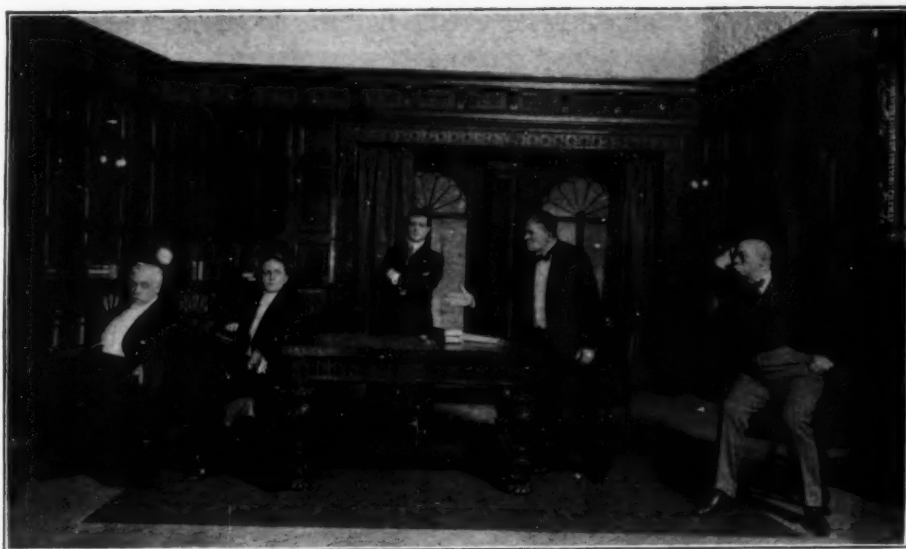


PHOTO BY WHITE

Herbert Kelcey, Orrin Johnson, Lynn Pratt, Ralph Delmore, and Edwin Brandt in Charles Klein's "The Daughters of Men"

Some Dramas of the Day

BY LOUIS V. DE FOE

What the artist accomplishes with pigments upon a flat canvas Mr. David Belasco achieves with scenery, lights, and animate objects upon an open stage.

I am writing with the beautiful, impressionistic pictures of "The Rose of the Rancho" in my mind's eye—pictures of the languorous, romantic life of Southern California, fit for frames, worthy to hang in galleries.

As they steal out of the darkened stage of the Belasco Theater they lull your senses and kindle your imagination. They lead you back through half a century to a disgraceful episode in our national history, half forgotten by the younger generations of the East.

The period is just after the Mexican War. The incidents on which the romance of this new drama by Mr. Belasco and Mr. Richard Walton Tully is founded—for the play is pure romance—are the lawful but unjust seizures of Spanish estates in California by land-jumpers of the Middle West under a form of legalized brigandage.

The curtain rises on an old mission garden at San Juan Bautista, luxuriant with

tropical foliage and fruit, and soft in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun. Old *Padre Antonio* sits nodding over his prayer book on the porch; *Don Luis de la Torre*, deep in his *siesta*, is stretched on a bench under a fragrant magnolia tree, his guitar at his side. Birds sing and bees drone lazily.

Through the latticed gate you see the happy, indolent life of the old Spanish town. Donkey carts pass with their burdens of laughing peasants. Proud Castilian *señoritas* with their watchful *duennas* glance coquettishly at gallant cavaliers. A maid fills her pitcher at the well-curb, a parrakeet perched on her crooked arm. *Musicos* emerge and disappear and the tinkling notes of their mandolins die in the distance. There is an atmosphere of happy, careless ease and you are soon caught in its spirit.

The cry of "*Gringo!*" is heard in the street and *Kearney*, sent from Washington to regulate the land-grabbing abuses, enters. *Don Luis* rouses himself from slumber and listens in anger as the American tells the *Padre* of the captivating Spanish

beauty, whose dancing eyes and silvery laugh have enthralled his heart. Then comes *Juanita*, herself.

They have scarcely met, but *Kearney* is wearing the rose she artlessly dropped in his way. From what follows you know that she is the captivating, capricious, self-willed daughter of a Spanish mother and a Yankee father, and rebellious at her coming betrothal to *Don Luis*, the *de-bonnair* gallant of Monterey. She banters merrily with both men. Something in the sturdy frankness of *Kearney* attracts her, yet, at the same time, rouses her Spanish prejudice.

The talk changes to *Kinkaid*, the Nebraskan land-jumper and his two hundred followers who, fresh from depredations in the neighborhood, are about to descend on the Castro-Kenton *rancho*. *Kearney* pleads with "the rose" to file an entry with the new government to protect the family estate. She demurs, half-scornfully, half-playfully, but at last yields and listens to his love making. *Lieutenant Larkin*, the young militiaman, gallops away to record the papers, and the lovers part while *Don*

Luis plans vengeance in Castilian fashion.

It is evening of the next day when the curtain rises again on the illuminated *patio* of the Castro-Kenton *rancho*. *Juanita* is to be betrothed to *Don Luis* and the aristocratic life of the town has gathered for the fête. There is revelry, laughter, dancing, and song—one of those brilliant pictures which Mr. Belasco knows so well how to contrive. *Confetti* is showered from the balconies and spirals of multi-colored ribbons shoot through the air.

Juanita, sad and reluctant, now comes to play her unwilling part in the festival. The music ceases as the *Padre* begins the ancient Spanish ceremony of the lighted candles. She hesitates as she is about to repeat the vows and then, her Yankee spirit rising, she blows out the flames and vehemently declares that the ardor of her father is in her veins, that her heart is given to the *gringo*. Her mother wrathfully gives her an alternative. She will either wed *Don Luis* or she will leave the house forever.

A great hubbub is heard outside the *patio*. *Kinkaid* and *Kearney*, with their rabble at their heels, batter at the gate. The American, bent on protecting the *rancho*, has been forced to pretend complicity in the attack. Consternation takes the place of revels.

Juanita, of course, misunderstands the meaning of *Kearney's* presence and there occurs a dramatic scene in which she bitterly reproaches her lover and pours on him all the vials of her wrath. Then follows a scene, vivid though conventionally melodramatic, which ends by *Kearney's* forcibly gagging her and making her listen to the truth. The object of his coming is to delay the seizure until the messenger with the papers returns from Monterey.

In the final act the household is assembled on the roof of the *rancho*, guarded by *Kearney* and the Spaniards, while *Kinkaid's* men engage in an orgy among the wine casks in the



Frances Starr as *Juanita* and A. Hamilton Revelle as *Don Luis* in "The Rose of the Rancho"

cellar. The American has exacted an agreement that the seizure shall not take place until the dawn. Gradually—almost imperceptibly—the faint rose of day tinges the horizon. It is a feat of stage lighting that rivals nature.

Then dawn breaks and the little garrison, headed by the *Padre* and to the chanting of the women, prepares to make its last stand. The drunken land-jumpers are on the stairs when, in the distance, rings the note of a bugle and *Lieutenant Larkin* with the soldiers dash up.

The rest is easily divined. *Kearney* wins his *Juanita* but the proud Castilian mother does not forgive and the joyous pair depart to accept the hospitality of *Don Luis* at Monterey.

This is descriptive—just a sketch of externals. So, also, is the play. Separate it from the rich, atmospheric settings of the Belasco stage and it will be found to be thin melodrama, though melodrama that tells an interesting tale in a *crescendo* of dramatic action. It will be as successful as any of the other brilliant productions at the Belasco Theater, for it gets to the heart. It will last a year, and whoever comes to New York in search of theatrical experience cannot afford

to miss it. The objection may be raised against it that some of its scenes are overdone, that there is an evident striving for pictorial effect. But in its portrayal of brilliant externals it shows the hand of a master.

Almost as interesting is Miss Frances Starr who now emerges from the background of her profession and, under the guidance of Mr. Belasco, takes her place as a full-fledged star. She is winsome, captivating, magnetic; she gives a most delightful performance of the Spanish girl, in whom she merges the attractive flavor of



PHOTO BY BYRON

Frances Starr as *Juanita* and Charles Richman as *Kearney* in "The Rose of the Rancho"

her own personality. As yet she is unequal to some of the passages of tempestuous feeling, but her promise is great and I predict that she will occupy, one day, an enviable place among the younger stars.

Mr. Charles Richman as *Kearney*, Mr. Frank Losee as the *Padre*, Mr. John W. Cope as *Kinkaid*, Mr. A. Hamilton Revelle as *Don Luis*, and Miss Grace Gaylor Clark as *Juanita's* mother are some of the other members of the cast.

I lose all patience with plays designed to spout morals. Occasionally they are effect-

ive, and as in the case of "The Lion and the Mouse," they become popular under right conditions. Nevertheless, the pulpit, not the stage, is the place for preachments—which brings me to consider Mr. Charles Klein's newest drama, "The Daughters of Men."

From start to finish it is a compromise



PHOTO BY WHITE

Frederick Perry as the Mayor and Frank MacVicar as the Boss in "The Man of the Hour"

between what belongs and what does not belong in the theater. Its plot is a compromise between the rival interests to which it is meant to appeal. In its long-winded discussions care is taken that neither capital nor labor shall get the better of the other. A happy ending is sought by harmonizing these two great forces under the Utopian and quixotic principle of brotherly love.

But to details! *John Stedman*, a youthful lawyer and a veritable Solon of judgment, is high in the councils of a somewhat hazy labor organization called the "Federated Brotherhood." A strike, involving the financial welfare of the nation, has been called against an equally hazy business organization called the Crosby Federated

Companies. *Stedman*, it happens, is in love with *Grace Crosby*, sister of one of the heads of this Croesus-like firm.

The Crosbys live in a Fifth Avenue palace, whither *Stedman* comes, as the play opens, to hear the final answer to his proposal of marriage. He is frigidly received by all the members of the family and dissertation, moralizing, and bullying ensue. One side eulogizes capital while the other flaunts the banner of honest toil. It is not political economy but cold drama until *Grace* joins the session and, under pressure of her family, gives her lover his choice between renouncing labor's cause or leaving her forever. With a show of heroics, *Stedman* harks to the call of the working man.

In the second act a flavor of real drama is injected by the entrance among the characters of *Louise Stolbeck*, a "daughter of the people." The scene is now *Stedman's* rooms, to which she comes at night to warn him that the "council," angered at his sentimental interest in *Miss Crosby*, is about to expel him. This "council" is composed equally of seekers after private gain and men sincere in labor's

interest—the compromise again! *Louise's* solicitude for *Stedman* is born of her love for him.

The question is threshed over again when *Grace Crosby* arrives with a last plea to her lover to use his influence for conciliation. A capital scene ensues between the two women, the quiet dignity, self-control, and magnanimity of the child of riches pitting itself against the emotional

intensity, pride, and bitterness of the child of poverty.

Louise retires in anger but not for long. Surrendering to an impulse of hatred she dismisses the carriage containing *Grace Crosby's* chaperon and returns to the room. *Stedman* is still absent and the women renew the discussion to greater length.

"How pleased your proud family would be to know that at this minute you are alone in your lover's rooms," she cries, dashing to the telephone.

After she has called up the number her courage fails and she bursts into tears.

"It is better that they should know. I will talk to them myself," quietly replies the heiress, picking up the receiver.

At this juncture *Stedman* returns just in time to bundle the women into an adjoining room as the labor leaders arrive. There is another pounding at the door and *Grace Crosby's* brothers and uncle appear on the scene in response to the telephone summons.

"We are all here together, gentlemen," *Stedman* thunders, "now let's talk it over!"

The interval between the acts represents a full hour yet, when the curtain lifts again, the discussion is still in progress. Again we are confronted with the dry arguments of capital and labor, varied with threats, counter-threats, criminations and recriminations. It begins to look as if the strike would go on to the very bitter end.

But the women, who have been "having it out" in the next room, have come to an agreement. Each has learned to understand the other and the interests she represents. They emerge and declare themselves. The champions of capital and labor draw in their horns at the feminine plea for brotherly love. *Grace*, daring her brothers' wrath, throws herself in *Stedman's* arms.

"A little sentiment and a little compromise in these matters," repeats old *Millbank*, the conciliator, for perhaps the hundredth time, and the curtain falls on a prospect of a general love feast.

The characters in Mr. Klein's new play are not much more than phonographic puppets wound up to spout platitudinous



PHOTO BY WHITE

Orrin Johnson as *John Stedman* and Effie Shannon as *Grace Crosby* in "*The Daughters of Men*"

principles. Mr. Orrin Johnson, as *Stedman*, does most of the talking. Allied with him as labor leaders are Mr. Ralph Delmore, Mr. Carl Ahrendt, Mr. E. W. Morrison, and Mr. George Deyo. Mr. Herbert Kelcey, Mr. Lynn Pratt, Mr. George Parsons, and Mr. Edwin Brandt represent the millionaires. Miss Effie Shannon is the heiress and Miss Dorothy Donnelly is the "daughter of the people." The settings,

two in number, are substantial and fine and the costumes are beautiful and expensive.

In strong contrast to "The Daughters of Men" is Mr. George Broadhurst's "The Man of The Hour," another new-comer among dramas dealing with live public

house "The Man of the Hour" ought to succeed. There are flaws in its construction and it is not always consistent, but its conditions are those that might exist in any American city whose Board of Aldermen has valuable franchises to grant. The particular emergency that arises is a matter of almost daily record in the



Frances Starr
in "The Rose of the Rancho"

questions. It furnishes an instance of how the stage may drive home a moral lesson without trespassing on the field of the pulpit. Its theme of political graft is handled in a manner more substantial, interesting, and dramatic than in the various other plays written around the same subject.

If the public has not grown weary of dissecting political cankers in the play-

newspapers, although the accompanying domestic complication rather stretches the long arm of coincidence.

Alwyn Bennett, the hero, is a gifted but unambitious young man in love with the niece of *Charles Wainwright*, an unscrupulous financier. His broker, *Scott Gibbs*, is also her suitor. Though she somewhat favors him she withholds her decision in order to give the younger man a chance to

prove himself fully worthy.

Bennett's opportunity comes when he is offered the office of mayor by a corrupt politician, who has been bribed by *Wainwright* to get valuable street railroad franchises through the Board of Aldermen. The alliance is between money power and organized politics and they hope to control the young man. But once in office he proves a tartar.

The schemes to which the crooked corporation and its dishonest political henchmen resort to force the *Mayor* to approve the street railroad bill are common to almost every city hall. The characters of the men are typical of their kind and well drawn.

Matters gradually shape themselves so that the *Mayor*, if he vetoes the bill, will ruin not only *Wainwright* but the latter's niece. He will also expose the graft deals of his own father, who died respected as an honorable man. He makes an effort to sell the stock "short" and thus save his sweetheart's fortune, and in so doing exposes himself to a charge of using his office for personal gain.

But one politician is adroitly played against the other until all these issues are avoided and, one after the other, he puts all of them into a hole. Then he sticks to his principles and vetoes the bill, in spite of the disgrace that will follow to his own family in the exposure of his father.

The interest of the main theme and its domestic complications runs evenly. There are secondary details which round out the whole into a very absorbing story. It is handled without platitudes or sermonizing and it has well sustained dramatic force.

Mr. Fredrick Perry, Mr. George Fawcett, Mr. Frank MacVickers, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Miss Lillian Kemble, and Miss Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh are the leading members of the generally effective cast.

No one, except a stenographer, could



PHOTO BY MANZ

Mrs. Fiske as *Mrs. Karslake* and John Mason as *Mr. Karslake* in "The New York Idea"

give anything like a satisfactory account of "The New York Idea," the new "play" which Mr. Langdon Mitchell has written for Mrs. Fiske. The purpose of these articles, "Some Dramas of the Day," is to describe, but coherent description fails when the object to be described is spineless.

The piece has a good deal of verbal cleverness of a cynical and shallow kind and it is brilliantly performed by probably the finest acting organization in this country, but either as a picture of life or a commentary or a condition it is as false as it is futile.

It is witty at times, but its wit is of the comic paper kind. The expected retort follows the carefully prepared opportunity. Much cheap and flippant talk about divorce precedes the obvious moral. The whole is a conglomeration of farce, extravaganza, and melodrama basely baseless and without substance.

French dramatists have used the topic of divorce to much better advantage. Sardou in "Divorçons" wrote a play that was really a play and that, besides, was an amusing play. But Mr. Mitchell's chatter, cut up into dialogue lengths, is entirely superficial and his work would tumble down over night were it not for uncommonly good acting to hold it up.

Says *Mrs. Karlake*, the divorced heroine:

"Marry for whim and then leave the rest to the man—that is the New York idea."

"No," retorts *Phillip Phillimore*, a stodgy judge and also a graduate of the divorce courts:

"Marry for whim and then leave the rest to the divorce courts—that is the New York idea."

These are the texts from which Mr. Mitchell's sermon is preached and just as they are distorted and over-drawn, so is every detail that goes to make up the

play perversely exaggerated and untrue.

The humor, such as it is, is extracted from repeated collisions of two divorced couples in the same social set, and the interference of a vapid baronet who makes love to the ex-wives in the presence of their discarded husbands. There is also a marrying parson, who is a stout advocate of divorce—an unbecoming caricature likely to be offensive to many people.

Reconciliation is reached in the case of the principal couple when it is discovered that they have not been divorced at all, a discovery that proceeds from the wife's jealousy when she becomes aware that her husband's interests are gradually drifting in another direction.

The rôle of *Mrs. Karlake* brings Mrs. Fiske back to her congenial vein of crisp and brittle comedy and she plays it brilliantly. The acting of Mr. John Mason, Mr. George Arliss, Mr. Charles Harbury, Mr. Dudley Clinton, and Miss Marion Lee is likewise admirable.

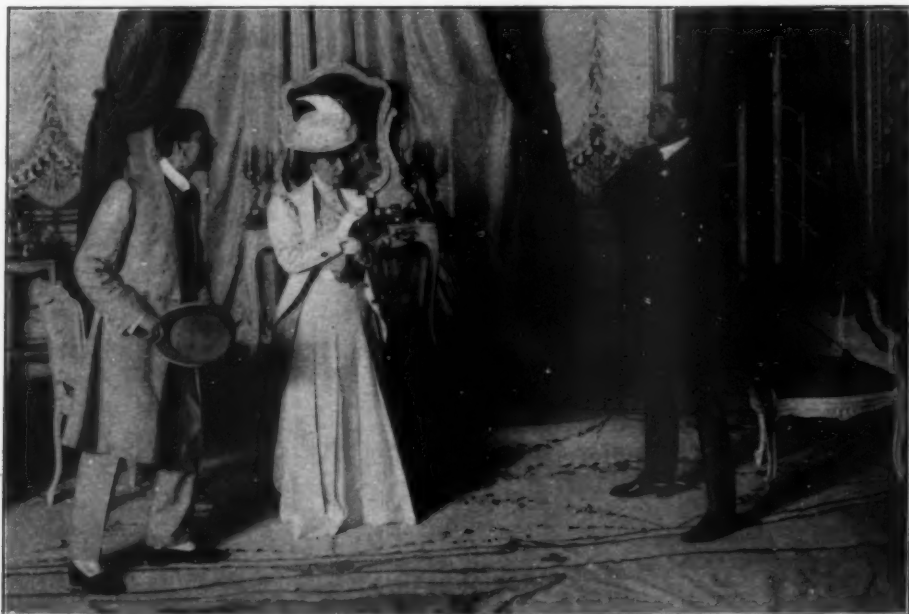


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George Arliss, Mrs. Fiske, and John Mason in "The New York Idea"